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The American Friend

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Vol. XLIX No. 10

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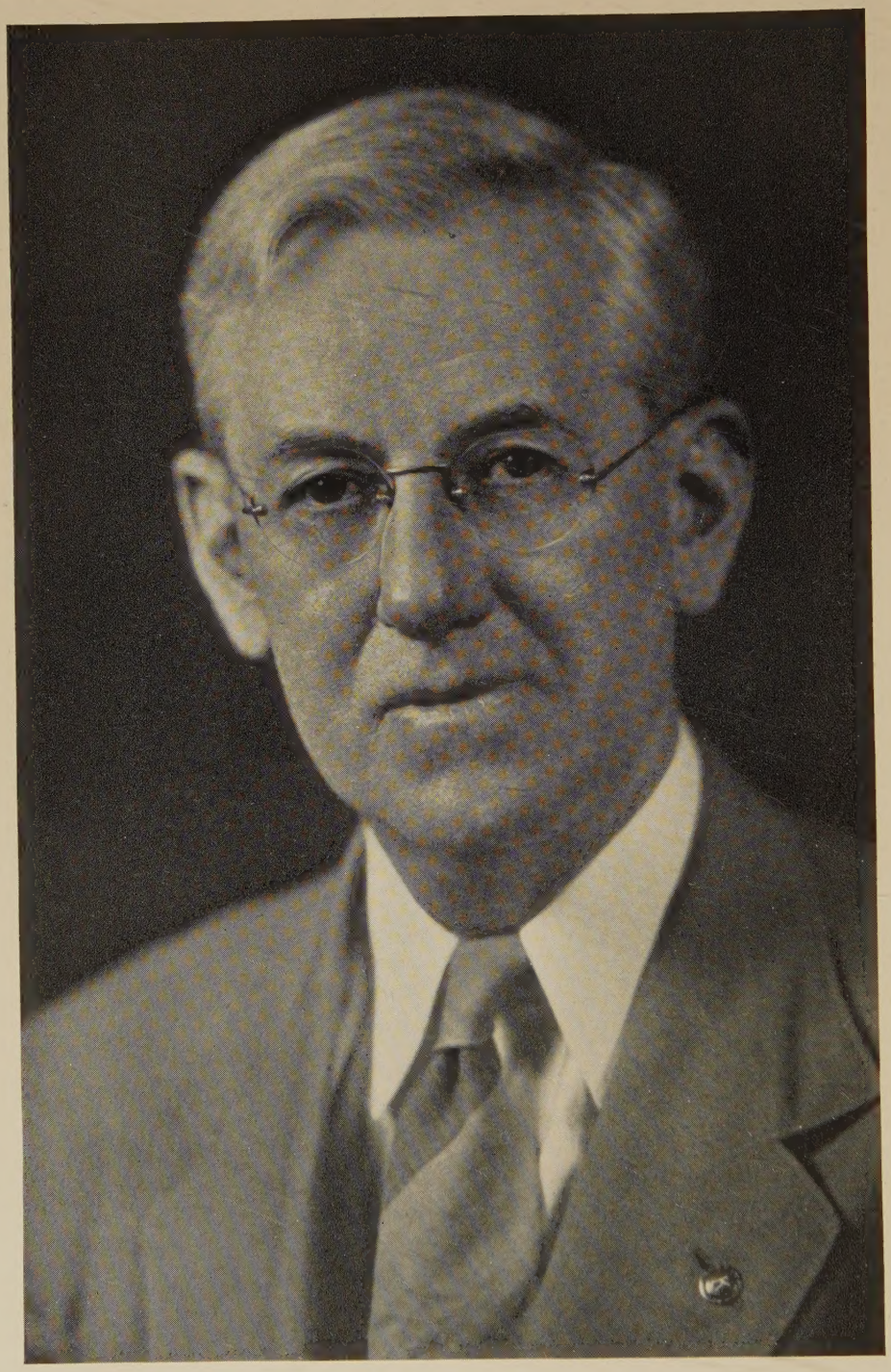
# TESTIMONY TO THE LIFE OF WALTER C. WOODWARD

## BY HIS FRIENDS

"Calm, patient, heroic, day by day he has carried on his faithful, splendid work in many fields."



WALTER CARLETON WOODWARD

1878 - 1942

# THE AMERICAN FRIEND

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# In Memory of Walter C. Woodward

**By Rufus M. Jones**

I HAD come to feel through the years that Walter Woodward was indispensable. He was always *there,* doing his work day by day, carrying on in many fields of activity, and what was most important, always keeping the wheels greased so that they ran without noise or friction. I knew from the very first that he had rare gifts as an editor, but only time revealed how wise he was and how richly endowed for a multitude of tasks which came to his hand. For twenty years I had been in the editorial chair of THE AMERICAN FRIEND. I knew, as few others could know, the intricacies and the problems of this editorial business, and throughout the whole period I followed his work with joy and satisfaction. I have the inward comfort, now that his work is over, that I often told him how profoundly I appreciated what he was doing. What I am writing now is only a summing up of what I have through the years been saying to this dear man while he was alive.

We Friends on this American continent are very diverse in our patterns of thought. We glory in our individual liberty and we carry to the extreme the priceless privilege of holding and expressing *our own views.* It is a healthy condition for a fresh and vital religious body—every person a priest and a bishop in his own right. But it involves strain and perplexity for an editor! His readers do not take his words lying down. They are not passive recepticles. They think their own thoughts and they talk back to the editor with the utmost freedom. He is kept informed of the vast number of facets there are to every truth he promulgates. The thin-skinned man, the touchy person, is in hot-water all the time. It is only the magnanimous person, with large outlook and with wide toleration, that makes a good editor, a guide and leader to his multifarious flock. Walter Woodward stood this test beautifully, splendidly, and we enjoyed belonging to his flock through these twenty-five eventful years.

He carried into his secretarial work for the Five Years Meeting the same large-minded and all-embracing spirit. It had to be creative work. There were no existing patterns. He had to make the map by which he travelled. Here again he has done a noble work and has built his life into the very structure of the Five Years Meeting to go out no more.

But after all, the most important thing is not what a person says or what he does, but what he essentially *is.* In the long perspective of a life we forget the words and we forget the specific deeds, but we hold on to the quality and trend of the life. The name gets its permanent place in *the book of life.* Walter Woodward's name is written there. There was a quality to his life which only a high faith and a direct contact with Christ could have formed in him. He had sweetness and light, tenderness and spiritual fiber. You could count on him and be sure to find him lined up with truth and right. He had what John Woolman called "glances of beauty" in his life and character. The result was that we not only believed in him and admired him, but we also loved him.

Nobody can quite take his place. And that is the way it ought to be. The person who follows him must break his own way and work out his unique type of leadership. He cannot copy the old pattern or reproduce the vanished life. He must come with the freshness of his own spirit and make his way in the newness of life. Walter Woodward does not come twice. We give thanks to our heavenly Father that we have had him once, and that in this long and critical period he has been favored to lead and guide us in the ways of truth and life and all the time in the ways of *peace.*

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

# But Their Works Do Follow Them

By R. Furnas Trueblood

*Spoken at the Memorial Service, West Richmond Meetinghouse*

A MESSAGE has come from one whom we all know, a message of regret that he could not be here with us today—from Rufus M. Jones. "Walter Woodward represented the finest flower of our American Quakerism. Calm, patient, confident, heroic, day by day he has carried on his faithful, splendid work in many fields. He will be profoundly missed here, and in the world above will be said, 'Well done, faithful laborer.'"

It seems so natural for us to meet for worship in the place where our friend, Walter Woodward, loved so much to worship. It becomes a service with a memorial to him uppermost in our minds and in our hearts; it becomes vital to us as we feel the challenge of his spirit and his life of service, and our hearts go out in sympathy and love to those so dear to him. My thoughts for this moment have been centering around certain words, words which come alive for me as I think of him. I am thinking of him just now particularly in relation to this meeting and the Society of Friends which he loved so much.

The first word to come alive for me as I think of him is concern. He was a living example of a concerned Friend. His interest in all the activities of the meeting was alive and vibrant, and his insight into its needs and opportunities was keen and sensitive. His concern for welcoming opportunities and doing things that needed to be done was a challenge to all of us.

The second word that comes alive for me as I think of him is consecration. He was not one to talk about what needed to be done and then fail to do his part. With earnest consecration he entered into the life and activities of the meeting; with a sense of deep responsibility he was eager to do his part, considering it as his spiritual opportunity and obligation. And his consecration was renewed again and again and kept vital and burning. I have in my hand a card which was sent to me after the close of the Stanley Jones meetings here in Richmond, and it sent a thrill through me as I read that card. Walter Woodward had given his life in the service of Christ, signing a card reaffirming his consecration once more to his Lord and Master.

The third word that comes alive as I think of Walter is Christian fellowship. He enjoyed it, he appreciated the need and the value of it. He contributed to it with heart and soul—strangers were welcomed and made to feel at home by his cordial spirit. Friends and neighbors were warmed and strengthened by its hearty glow. When I read in Paul's letter to the Romans these words, "Maintain the spiritual glow, ye who would serve the Lord Christ," I think of him and I seem to see him at the front door of this meetinghouse extending his warm and hearty handshake.

The fourth word that takes on new and deeper meaning is the word life—yes, life itself. To him life was an adventure and a challenge, not something to be endured but something to be appreciated and used. At least so it impressed me as I watched him in the life of our meeting, in the home, in the community, in the Society of Friends which he loved, and in the life of the world to which he gave his best. Such a life so well lived becomes a challenge to all of us which we cannot help but feel in these days. There are two scripture verses which speak so fittingly here, the first one written of Abel "who, being dead, yet speaketh," and the second one written in the book of Revelation of those who are privileged to rest from their labors, "but their works do follow them." Phillips Brooks once wrote so beautifully about the power of an endless life that I want to read you what he said. "This is the difference of men; those whose power stops with their death and those whose power really opens into its true richness when they die. The first sort of men have mechanical power, the second sort of men have spiritual power; and the final test and witness of spiritual force is seen in the ability to cast the bodily life away and yet continue to give help, courage and wisdom to those who see us no longer—to be, like Christ, the helper of men's souls even from beyond the grave."

In this still deeper sense, life has really come alive for me when I think of Walter Woodward. Lyman Abbott has spoken so beautifully of all the universe as God's House and death as only the pushing aside of the portiers and passing to the other room. And now to us here in Richmond and throughout all the Society of Friends, this has happened. Thereby the life of our dear friend has become more and even more beautiful—life eternal—life evermore.

# Within That Little Office

By Charles M. Woodman

THAT little office, seven by twelve feet in size, contained a big desk, a file, two chairs and a man. It was little, but, oh my! Out of it flowed editorials, letters and an influence which, for more than a score of years, have made it literally the radiating hub of the Five Years Meeting wheel. To it came requests, occasional complaints (which every editor is sure to receive) commendations worthily won, and a constant flow of correspondence almost from the ends of the earth. People turned to him for answers to personal problems, guidance along obscure pathways and wisdom from that store-house of experience which Walter Woodward accumulated in the course of all these years spent in this one little office—the listening post of American Quakerism.

That little office had a door which opened onto the corridor just at the head of the stairway leading to the second floor. Typical of this man's easy accessibility for conference with all comers, this door was almost always open. He worked with an open door as if he were always expecting that someone would want to walk in, and sit

down in the inviting chair beside the desk that was always overloaded with work to do. When one with any kind of a concern appeared (and how many came only he knew) the assistant was dismissed, the doors were closed so that burdened hearts could unload and troubled minds could express themselves to an unfailing sympathetic spirit. One rose and departed from such an interview refreshed and strengthened, for he had shared his burden with Walter Woodward. He went away thanking God that such a man lived.

Or again, when that door was closed, it might well have been because there was surging in his mind some burning message for his paper's constituency, and he had to be alone until he could force the message into words and get it into readable shape with his ready, facile, and forcible editorial pen. Or he might have closed that door while he was listening to the urge of the Divine Spirit giving him some Gospel message and he must needs be alone while that message was being pressed home upon his heart. For it is well to note right here that in these later years Walter Woodward developed a real preaching gift, and, though never recorded as a minister, he was repeatedly called to preach within and beyond the boundaries of his own denominational fellowship.

In this office youth came seeking not only fields for service but steps that should be taken in preparation. Here the troubled minister came seeking advice about the field to which he should go and the work for which he was best fitted. Meetings conferred with him when they sought a spiritual leadership adapted to their needs. Thus this little office literally became a clearing house of service.

The brilliance and force of his editorial work well nigh overshadowed if it did not obscure the effectiveness of his task as executive secretary of the Five Years Meeting. This work was done so quietly and in such a self-effacing manner that few people outside the inner circle of committee members fully realized how essential he really was to the effectiveness of work which occupied so much of his time and energy. If this office was the pivitol point of the Five Years Meeting, this man was the heart of this portion of American Quakerism's life. Into his mind poured its problems; out of his mind came many of the solutions. Into his heart poured the cries of the needy; in his deepest feelings these needs crystallized into programs of action. And the little office was the silent observer of this going and coming of Quaker need and life and aspiration.

This little office saw this stream of Quakerism's life overflow the banks of any one section of American Friends until it gathered into one river the Quaker life of all America. That has shown itself in our common life, to mention only one form, in a series of conferences, which have literally submerged our differences and made the Society of Friends more nearly one than it has ever been since the time of the initial impact of the early Friends upon England, Europe and America in the seventeenth century. Could the walls of this little office speak and the files of letters be opened and publicly read they would tell how the soul of this broad-gauged and deeply spiritual man was first stirred by the vision and then prompted to do his large part in bringing all this into programs of action. Our differences today are nominal and historical; our unities are washing over the barriers of our past divisions. The quiet and aggressive life and testimony of Walter Woodward had no small part in this accomplishment.

# Into Channels of Activity

By Clarence E. Pickett

THE operations of the American Friends Service Committee have always suffered because of the widespread distance between groups of Friends and the central office. The printed word about things that someone else is doing is always inadequate as a substitute for participation in the work itself. Comparatively few Friends can attend the meetings of the Service Committee and share in its work even to that extent. And although five or six hundred people, most of them young Friends, participate in one way or another during the year, these are not evenly distributed throughout the Society, and therefore the impact of their experience on the meetings is not felt in nearly all of the meetings.

In addition to this difficulty there has been the feeling that the work of the Committee is secular and non-spiritual. Sometimes it is thought that it deals only with feeding and housing. Now and again workers are used who do not share fully the spirit and life of the Committee's objectives. All of these factors have led to and are indications of a continuing need for interpretation and understanding.

It is at this point that Walter Woodward has rendered to the Committee an unprecedented service. He has always understood, and his skilled pen has accurately interpreted not just the physical undertakings themselves but the deeper and spiritual motivation. He was not one who was unwilling to see faults, but with the true character and skill of a Christian gentleman he laid his criticisms on the minds and hearts of responsible persons, with a genuine desire to be helpful in improving conditions he himself criticized.

There has been no single instrument of interpretation, especially to Friends who were prevented by distance from contact with the Service Committee, that has exceeded Walter Woodward's pen in THE AMERICAN FRIEND as an interpreter of the work of the Committee. He has done more than simply tell the story of what is being done. Upon many occasions his very explanation of the work has laid hold upon those of us who work in the Committee in ways which have enriched our concern that what is done shall touch and change people's lives.

Often within the framework of a religious body, different agencies develop an unhealthy feeling toward each other because they seem to be competing for the same contributor's dollar. Here also one has reason for profound gratitude for the contribution of Walter Woodward. Constantly he has maintained that giving in one direction lends itself to the spirit of giving and helps all worthy efforts to increase contributions. The cold, hard figures or returns amply justify his position, but without his persistent faith in this direction there might have arisen the feeling of competition at times, especially between the American Friends Service Committee and the activities of the Five Years Meeting. This has not developed, and it is largely a tribute to his statesmanship and the confidence he exhibited that Friends were able, and if they understood they were willing, to contribute of their re-

sources to channels of activity which expressed their deeper life.

Early in Walter Woodward's editorship of THE AMERICAN FRIEND came the World Conference of Friends in London in 1920. From that time to the end of his editorial career he conceived of the Society of Friends in its world relationships. He had no illusions about the size, weight or power of this little religious body, but he did understand that its vitality and its contribution to the structure of society at any given point depended upon the recognition of the Society as a spiritual organism which had its constituency in most of the countries of the world. To him it was a matter of importance that there have arisen in Japan and China, in Germany and the Scandinavian countries, in France and in the Near East, bodies of like-minded people who embody the inner significance of the religious discovery of George Fox in their individual and corporate lives.

In this respect, too, his service to the Service Committee has been invaluable. We are an *American* Friends Service Committee, but we shall never be what we ought to be as servants of a common Master unless and until we feel ourselves bound together in unity with all Friends in trying to express our religious conviction in feasible and physical forms of service. In this effort we shall increasingly need to realize that it is not so much British and American Friends doing things *for* the smaller groups in other parts of the world as it is the recognition of all groups as having capacity to contribute to the common life of the Society of Friends in the world.

In his editorials, in his public addresses, and in his own sympathy and interest, Walter Woodward constantly represented this point of view. He was one of the all too rare statesmen in our Society. His place as such can hardly be filled by anyone, but his work and his life can but have inspired many, especially of the younger Friends, with the wider vision and deeper convictions which our Society is called upon to show in an agonizing world.

# Our True Christian Statesman

By Homer J. Coppock

IN THE passing of Walter C. Woodward, the career of a "Prince in Israel" came to its close in the prime of his power. When he was called to go he was in vanguard of the "hosts of the Lord." The sudden darkening of the skies incident to the news of his going came because we felt the great loss of his cheerful companionship and even more deeply the loss of his guiding hand in travelling the difficult paths of the present outer darkness. His courage, his insight and his prophetic pen have won for him a high place in the forefront of the line of advance and at the same time they have firmly established the continuing memorial we now cherish in our hearts.

He was a well-recognized leader in focusing the thinking and directing the activities of the Society of Friends in America. For the last twenty-five years, as Editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND, he not only faithfully and fairly recorded significant events but also with unusual insight, interpreted their larger meanings for the future. He was at his best on the editorial page. There he plunged deeply, there he prayed fervently, and there he sought to bring healing in places where he thought disease was most deadly. It was there he produced a quality of writing which gave him high rank in religious journalism.

He was known for the virility of his thinking and for the fitness of his practical concerns. He kept far away from honeyed pleasantries and oratorical flights. His was a call to press the seething battle of righteous causes. The last editorial he wrote contained two up-to-the-minute concerns. As usual they were well illustrated with people and events and ended with a salient truth he sought to press home. In the first he referred to the present cry for preserving the democratic way of life by means of war. He not only questioned the method but pointed out some of the inconsistencies in the programs of those using the method. "There will be no democratic way of life for any, if not for all." The other was a plea against denouncing the Japanese race as a whole. He cited the fact that within our Christian hearts we find it impossible to forget the gracious integrity we have found in the hearts of fellow Christians of that race. "No! You can not indict an entire people."

But to many the keenest enjoyment in his writing came from personal touches. Reference to visitors to his office, side quips on personalities and personal doings at Yearly Meetings and conferences, descriptions of people and incidents connected with his travels; these brought the cheery smile. How much we are grateful for the way he took us with him on his travels! How we shared with him the joys of the road! He was ever alert in discovering the humor of a situation and in sharing with us its good-cheer and apt and witty phrases.

He gave up teaching history at Earlham College in order to fill the editor's chair, but in a real sense he did not relinquish the task of teaching. He simply turned from the class-room to the world at large. And in addition he became a maker of history. As Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Earlham College for some twenty-four years, with great skill and rare judgment he had a major part in shaping the policies of that institution. With unmeasured patience and continuous yearning of spirit he helped maintain the integrity and usefulness of the Five Years Meeting through many trying days of misunderstanding and opposition. To the Federal Council of Churches he brought his Friendly contributions and good counsel.

His powers of quiet observation and restrained judgment provided an underlying stability for everything he did. Sometimes, sitting with him in conference, one got the impression that his various interests might be occupying his mind to the exclusion of the matter in hand, but when the time came to express himself such an impression soon vanished. He had not only missed nothing but had penetrated to the very kernel of the matter. He was blessed with the ability to say what he had to say in a few clear-cut words. His quiet, accurate observation of the passing scene made him a seer in the truest sense of the word.

But he was not without his glowing enthusiasms. We remember his descriptions of the Oregon Coast Road and the Columbia River Highway which we felt were somewhat overdone until we had seen them ourselves. These beautiful highways had become a ready means of taking him back to his boyhood enthusiasm for the rich natural

beauty of the great Northwest, and he felt that he should have a part in drawing others into the enjoyment of that rare beauty. He did not hesitate in sounding the praises of his father under whose guidance he had become interested in journalism and who had also showed him something of the pathway into public affairs. One can not speak easily of the tender love in one's home, yet he surely bore in his heart the counterpart of his mother's love for him. It was our privilege to greet his mother last summer at Newberg after the hour of morning worship and just two days before Walter's final visit with her. As she spoke of his coming one could readily discern that whatever pride she may have felt in his accomplishments was completely submerged in her happiness that her son was again coming home.

In addition to these filial ties he had grown into a deep spiritual kinship with unnumbered friends around the world. All who knew him share in a sense of loss. We miss a good companion, a wise counsellor, a valiant soldier for righteousness and a Christian statesman.

# As the Shadow of a Great Rock

By William C. Dennis

*Delivered at the Memorial Service*

"How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love to still live on."

---

"He ran from service here to service there."

JUST the day before Walter Woodward's illness, it was my privilege to meet with him in a small committee. He was never more himself. In the course of the meeting he showed us a letter which he had received and which related to the business before us and read passages from the letter. The letter was of a type with which we are all familiar. It might have been written about many other themes just as well as the one to which it happened to be directed. Only a good man could have written it. It was as well-intentioned as it was misguided. It was calculated to arouse the prejudices of one group of excellent people and at the same time to excite the resentment of another equally worthwhile group. It was admirably calculated to set both groups by the ears over a matter which is unimportant now and will be of less than no importance in the future unless kept alive by just such communications.

Dr. Woodward listened a few minutes to our comments on the letter and then said in substance, "I shall send a conciliatory answer without conceding any matter of principle." That letter I suppose was never written by Walter Woodward. "The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower unfinished must remain." But it is typical of many similar letters which were written and conversations which were held by him all through the years as President of the Board of Trustees of Earlham College, Editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND, Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Five Years Meeting of Friends and in many other capacities, letters which were compounded of kindliness and common sense, which refused at the same time to yield or to quarrel or to trade the substance for the shadow, and which recognized in practice the divine in every man.

Quakerism, like humanity in general, has produced all through the years two types of men and women, both necessary to its existence and progress, but who have often not understood one another very well. One type might be called with Rudyard Kipling "the sons of Martha." They are diligent in business. They balance the budget. They are generous where they see need. They make for strength and stability. The defect of their qualities is at times a lack of vision. The other type, Kipling's "sons of Mary," dream dreams and see visions. They are quick to recognize need. They inspire progress. The defect of their qualities is that at times they lack judgment—the judgment which distinguishes not only between the possible and unattainable but between the desirable and the undesirable. The strength of the Society of Friends arises from the united efforts of these two types of people. When they work together they work wonders. The great leaders of the Society have been those who best appreciated both types and who combined in themselves the better elements of each. Fox and Penn are the greatest examples of this admixture, and by the same token they were our greatest leaders. Each had in his make-up some of the characteristics of each type. Fox leaned perhaps toward the mystic, Penn perhaps toward the man of practical affairs. Together they laid strong and sure the foundations of the Society of Friends.

Walter Woodward was in the true tradition of these great Quakers. He combined in his own nature elements of vision and practical common sense, and what is perhaps just as important, he appreciated these qualities when they were mixed in unequal degree in others, and he thereby was capable of leadership. He was a Quaker statesman.

But he was even more than that, he was a man genuinely interested in his fellow men as individuals. He was a friend tried and true. He was a neighbor in the scriptural sense of that great word, not only to those who lived near him in a physical sense, as was my privilege, but to all mankind, and above all he was a true and humble follower in deed as in word of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I do not wish to overstate Walter Woodward's virtues. He would not want that. I am not claiming that he was never mistaken. I am not claiming perfection, but I am claiming for him on the basis of excellent opportunities for observation, a high degree of that mixture of righteousness, intelligence, courage and kindness which we call statesmanship, and I am endeavoring to honor the memory of a true friend whose influence in the land was as the shadow of a great rock.

"We cannot think him dead. It must be only
That he has travelled far,
And though we find our path on earth more lonely,
Our sky has gained a star."

# In Appreciation

By James R. Furbay

FOLLOWING the royal line of Whittier's "Quaker of Olden Time," Walter Woodward represented for me in many ways "the Quaker of modern time." One had a feeling that he could be counted on to be on the right side of the questions of our day. His was a life sensitized to the spiritual and abiding values. But ahead of the public and prophetic significance of his life, I (with many others) have regarded him as a valued personal friend, a tried and true comrade of the Kingdom of God.

# Dedication to Service

By Levi T. Pennington

*From Remarks at the Memorial Service Held in Newberg, Oregon*

AT THIS hour in Indiana, which has been his home for more than half his life, leaders of the Friends Church, of civic and educational movements, of interdenominational movements, persons of literary and editorial distinction, and Friends from everywhere, gathered to attend a great Quaker conference which he helped to plan, today are paying tribute to Walter Carleton Woodward, whose life of service for God and humanity has ended.

It would have been fitting if some notable representative of the Federal Council of Churches could speak to us today of his work for interdenominational movements of the Christian church; if some civic leader could speak of his work for the cause of civic righteousness; if the National Council for the Prevention of War could tell of his work for peace. It would be gratifying for some spokesman of the American Friends Service Committee to tell of his working relation with them; for some musical leader to speak of his service in that field, especially to community music; if those who called on him for addresses, who worked with him on committees could be heard, and if someone intimately acquainted with his home life could picture the culture and beauty and hospitality of that home—all giving expression to the many-sided services which he was always rendering up to the limit of his strength and far beyond. But it is in the fields of education, the church and writing that he did his greatest service.

Some of us well remember his literary work while he was a college student at Pacific and at Earlham Colleges; we recall his work on the Newberg *Graphic* with his father, his ability to gather news, to write it accurately and interestingly and to write clear, impressive editorials. We know of his contributions to THE AMERICAN FRIEND and other publications, both religious and secular, before his call to assume the editorship of that paper.

In speaking of THE AMERICAN FRIEND, I mention the fact that it is recognized in editorial circles as one of the best edited religious periodicals in the United States. Walter Woodward's many articles and editorials, his travelogues which have interested so many outside the Society of Friends, and all his other editorial accomplishments have made THE AMERICAN FRIEND so outstanding.

Three books have been published from his pen: "The Rise and Early History of Political Parties in Oregon, 1843-1863," which was his doctor's dissertation and which is still recognized as the authority in its historical field; "Friendly Tales of Foreign Trails," which came out of his visits to Europe; and "The Life of Timothy Nicholson," so full not only of the personal life of this Quaker leader, but of the inside history of the Society of Friends during the long life of that noted Friend. Prominent among his other writings were the May Day pageant which he wrote for Earlham College in the year of Indiana's centennial and the "Pageant of Richmond," a dramatic presentation of Richmond's history.

Speaking more personally, I knew him as a teacher at Earlham; as a member of the Executive Committee of the Five Years Meeting and as Editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND; and in many other ways I was associated with him in the work of Friends. I always found him patient, eager to do the right thing, self-sacrificing in his devotion to duty, always willing to take on extra burdens when that seemed best, ever working to the limit of his strength and beyond.

Walter Woodward was not a "back-slapper," a "hail-fellow-well-met" with everybody. With half his ability and the eagerness which some men have for self-aggrandizement, he could have been far more popular with the nine-tenths who do not understand the inside workings of real achievements, though not with the one-tenth who do so understand.

And now we are all thinking, "Who will take his place?" I do not know the answer, as far as personnel is concerned; but I do know the answer now and when another twenty-five years have passed, so far as principle is concerned. Young men and young women now in college, now in preparation for the larger duties of life, must make the same sort of dedication to the work of the church that Walter Woodward made, or the work of the church must fail. Leaders of young people, especially Christian young people and still more especially Quaker young people, must press upon our youth the responsibilities and privileges just ahead if they will prepare for them. "Will you make yourselves great enough by preparation and devotion, for the big task that awaits, or will you let that great task fail because you allow yourself to be too little?

With all his excellence and abilities, it would not be fair to suppose that he was the superman without any frailties. He had them, as we all have. But in view of his earnestness, his devotion, his patience, his willingness to work up to and beyond the limit, his versatility and his kindness, I find it easy to forget any of his possible weakness—I have never needed even to forgive them.

"No farther seek his merits to disclose
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode.
There they alike in trembling hope repose
The bosom of his Father and his God."

## He Does Not Cease to Speak

**A Tribute to Walter Woodward**

He does not cease to speak
Who words of truth has said.
Lips do in time grow still
But truth is never dead.

He who interpreted
From many a different tongue
One message and one hope,
In that great hope lives on.

The silence still shall bear,
And on its walls appear,
His friendly counsels given
In phrase increasing clear.

And love shall guide our hearts
On many a needful day
And we shall understand
He is not far away.

LELIA S. MARSTALLER.
Freeport, Maine.

# Depths of Fellowship

By W. Bruce Hadley

FOR several years our common responsibilities in the Five Years Meeting have given me many occasions to see Walter Woodward in action as the hard-working Editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND and Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Five Years Meeting. That very attribute "hard-working" is one of the first qualities one thinks of in connection with Walter C. Woodward. In late years he often rose in the very small hours of the morning to do significant writing before others were astir. He was among those earliest at the office with complete disregard of conventional hours for beginning the day's work. His conscientious persistence in his duties caused him to turn aside, call after call, to denominational and inter-denominational gatherings outside of Richmond where his wide usefulness made his presence desired. I remember inquiring on one occasion, as one whose experience gave the question real interest, how he succeeded in carrying his exceedingly heavy schedule of details without panic. He replied candidly that only a few short years ago he did often know the experience of near-panic in the face of mountainous details. However, at the time of our conversation he was rejoicing in apparent complete conquest of this, and consciously took satisfaction in the fact that he managed his days as they came.

Walter Woodward was at a focus of affairs which placed on his desk matters which required the daily exercise of large responsibility. Long years of facing this barrage led to direct shouldering of many responsibilities which must have become a very great burden. It is in view of this fact that his virtues become even more impressive.

Important among his work habits was a sense of humor which brightened many a committee meeting and must have made his daily routine much more pleasant than it otherwise would have been. I well remember the hilarity with which I was greeted the first time we met following a meeting of the Central Committee of the Five Years Meeting, which meeting I had forgotten to attend. The lapse on my part was carried off with banter by the Secretary when my own face was exceedingly red. He was always regaled with a good story, and was quick to see the humorous aspect of a situation.

In planning for the sessions of the Five Years Meeting his wide knowledge of Friends was invaluable. All correspondence went through his office. It was he who interpreted to our distinguished speakers on that occasion the significance and character of our gathering. Muriel Lester expressed to the two of us as we took her to the train from the platform on the evening on which she spoke, how deeply she felt her heart drawn to the gathering in Christian fellowship. Neither of us was able to be very articulate in reply; but it was the contact through Walter Woodward's correspondence which provided the occasion for that expression. One of my memories of Walter Woodward is that farewell. We had been able to get lemonade for Muriel Lester at the last moment, and where our conversation was an inadequate vehicle of fellowship, that cool drink served as a mute symbol of the spirit. As we turned away from the departing train I do not recall that any remark was made; but out of all that crowded week that moment is one of the clearest in memory—that and the handclasp, long and hearty, which Walter Woodward extended when the last word of the last session had been spoken, and Friends turned to one another in last words of farewell.

Those who knew him well knew that beneath the genial manner of Walter Woodward was a high spirit and the capacity for strong feeling. Any measure of the man would be inadequate which did not pay proper tribute to the large measure of charity and graciousness with which he administered his own spirit so that generousness and chivalry were characteristic. It was not the least important of many areas of truly great achievement, all of which went together to make up a really noble life. Such excellence will endure among us in a living way beyond the power of monuments or memorials to perpetuate.

# To My Friend

By Errol T. Elliott

IT IS given to a few intrepid souls to live on the frontiers of thought quite as genuinely as those who push back geographical horizons. Such a person was Walter C. Woodward. Editorially, he was ever pressing new advances out beyond our laggard civilization. His prophetic call came unmistakably and persistently to Friends from courageous action and leadership toward the outposts of goodwill. The passing of months and years will reveal increasingly how sure was his insight.

This central passion of his life did not remain solely in the realm of literary expression. I have sat by him in councils and conferences when groups were about to say or do something less than the best, as he saw it. On such occasions he rose to the issues involved and called for forthright action consistent with a Christian faith and message. He could not bear the shoddy or equivocating expedients which so easily characterize the over-cautious. It was this sterling quality that made him walk among us, tall and stalwart in spirit as he was in body. For six years I worked by his side and discovered him to be my brother, my elder and wiser brother, however, in whose judgments I felt generally secure.

It might seem that one should write about him first of all as editor and journalist. However, his effectiveness in that realm rested on the spiritual quality and concern that characterized him personally. But it was in literary expression that those qualities sharpened into aggressive journalism which was his career by instinct and by training. From his mind and through his facile pen flowed a stream of influence that has leavened the Society of Friends. With a background of study and teaching in history, his frame of reference brought a high measure of realism into his interpretation of the present years.

Beyond the more staid qualities of editorial writing he was thoroughly at home on the open road. Racey travelogues that made highways unwind ahead of the reader gave him added distinction among us. Here again his flare for the historical made persons and events live again along all routes leading from Richmond. This call of the out of doors brought a healthiness of spirit into the editorial office. It was against the blue sky of serenity and hope that his analyses of our day were written. That is as it should be. Words that do not lift our eyes beyond words can lead to little more than "dead end" thinking. Always he left us with the open road.

Such an hour as this leads one from the wider significance of his life and work to those deeper affections that lie within friendship. Time and the able pens of his friends will show him to be the great Quaker that he was, but just here, I know most personally he was *my* friend. In that sense of affection, I stand with others of his friends at the one great turn as he takes the open road.

Hail and farewell, dear friend. We know that no

travelogue can come back to us from that unexplored country, but we know how much you were and are at home in God's great out-of-doors. In a confidence that bequeaths joy even in our sorrow, we call in the soft and pleasant language of our Spanish friends, "Adios—we leave you with God."

# An Inner Sensitivity

By W. Clyde and Marjorie Hill Allee

WALTER WOODWARD used to say, "I don't read. I write!" and it was true that he was no closeted bookworm, though by some process of absorption he had taken up from a wide range of literature those allusions and illustrations that gave background to his continuous writing and occasional addresses. An author whose book he reviewed could be certain that the book had been intelligently read and generously appreciated. How loath he was to criticize adversely any Quaker literary effort, even faintly promising; and what pains he would take to verify the grounds for a criticism he felt should be made!

But he knew good writing because he himself was a writer, and this means much more than facility in stringing words together. He had the country editor's sense of real news. From coast to coast he knew people and places and he could see and report unerringly the little incidents that characterized them. The humor that was part of him was often uppermost, so that the reader was brought up at an unexpected turn, crowing with glee; but he also saw and expressed the deeper values, so that the journalistic acquaintainces he promoted were not superficial. New England knows Oregon, and Indiana knows Philadelphia better for Walter Woodward's editorship.

From the beginning one might have seen his direction. He had sensed the possibility of a world of peace and justice which Friends might have a part in bringing about; and while he mellowed and matured he did not become confused or soften down in his effort to bring it about. In this effort he had the great editorial gift of preferring other writers to himself. He drew them out and encouraged qualities in them which they might never have known they possessed. With patience and discretion and steady aim he put their contributions together with his own cement; and the result was a Quaker journal the like of which we shall not see again, for there was and will be only one Walter Woodward. THE AMERICAN FRIEND will go on, but it will fulfill its mission differently.

M. H. A.

For fourteen years I had the good fortune of being able to watch Walter C. Woodward in action as the presiding officer of the Earlham College Board of Trustees. Frequently he let me see rather intimately what was in his mind in relation to the college problems, and we were both acutely conscious of the Quaker background and of the more general background against which these must be viewed.

Year after year Walter Woodward was re-elected chairman of the Board, with his vote the only dissenting one in the secretly cast ballot. Those more liberal and those more conservative united in trusting his kindly, intelligent, sensitive guidance. In dealing with non-essentials he was flexible, and he was liberal in judging of what they consisted; where essentials were involved he was thoroughly sound. He was well versed in the strange mixture of human relations, financial responsibility and underlying educational principles with which governing bodies like ours had to deal. He understood the relative importance of these elements in a given situation, and would labor patiently so long as labor was needed, that principles might prevail without endangering financial stability or complex human values.

More than most, Walter Woodward personified the French version of the beatitude: "Blessed are the *debonair,* for they shall inherit the earth." To live so in the tenseness of his place and time was a personal triumph of no small proportions.

My approval of him and respect for him were solidly built on these semi-professional relations; the story would not be told, however, if I did not mention the growing affection I felt for him.

W. C. A.

Chicago, Illinois.

# He Gave Generously

By Walter Ellinger

"He does much who loves much.
He does much who does what he has to do well
He does well who serves the common good rather than his own will."

*Thomas à Kempis: Imitation of Christ.**

THESE words of an early German mystic express far better than can I, what was my experience in knowing Walter Woodward. Although my acquaintance with him was a brief one, I take the liberty of participating in this farewell gathering of his friends by recalling his activities in establishing Quaker Hill as a hostel for refugees.

Shortly after my arrival at Quaker Hill, Walter Woodward had dinner with our group. My first impression was: This man welcomes us not as a chairman or member of a committee, but as one who wants to give to us, from his love of humanity, making us realize that wherever this spirit lives, we can feel truly at home.

Ever since, whether I met Walter Woodward at Quaker Hill or at the West Richmond Forum, where I learned more of his activities and spiritual leadership, I was reassured in this belief. Besides this primarily essential attitude of love, his profound knowledge and his clear ideas made him a teacher and educator even to those who met him occasionally only. And even they never left him without receiving some inspiration.

Surely the material means which were given to rebuild and maintain the Evans home to provide living, education and employment for a number of refugees must be mentioned as a most valuable gift of the group which Walter Woodward represented, but he was the leader of those who took a personal share in these activities. He fostered and directed the intervisiting and interchanging of thoughts; he let those to whom he gave generously, give in return, though small were the contributions which they had to offer.

Whoever has had the experience of accepting charity, knows that this is the only way to transform charity into love.

*From *The New Christian Year,* Oxford University Press, 1941.

# Walter C. Woodward

Statesman of God, he sought
Wisdom in deed and thought:
Truth was his life, and strong
Love that dissolves the wrong;
He stood,—let lightnings fall!—
Steadfast and integral.

Yet we who loved the *man*
Have other loss to scan —
Grave in the love of Truth,
Still his warm heart was youth
Fervent with zest, and bright
With laughter's dancing light.
Beauty in black-and-gold:
Music, the nobly bold
Daughter of God: and words
Fair as the flight of birds:
Young hearts in innocent
Frolic of merriment:
Travel—God's gift of space:
These gave his spirit grace.
And, to earth's utter end,
He was a perfect friend.

He was true servant of
Christ, the great Lord of Love!

Richmond, Indiana. E. MERRILL ROOT.

# We Called Him "W. C."

By Dorothy Heironimus

WITH the keen sense of loss that has come to us here at the Central Office, there has also come a fresh realization of how spiritual qualities endure. We miss our friend sadly in the round of our daily duties, yet at every turn we find him again in the impress he has left on our united work. Our sense of personal loss no doubt has different sources and different manifestations for each one of us. Walter Woodward's interests and sympathies were broad enough to find a responsive chord in almost all with whom he came in contact. Now, with a new perspective, we begin to understand better what were the qualities that underlay the sympathetic interest we knew so well.

The dominant note of his kindliness cannot be forgotten. It was a kindliness which might sometimes be deceptive in its simplicity in these days when distrust and caution are more often met. Walter Woodward was truly chagrined if he overlooked an opportunity to be of service. His kindliness recognized its own failure at times to find perfect expression and sought to make amends. On the trips which he so generously shared with his readers he brought this same unassuming and undemanding kindliness to his casual encounters with other travelers, and formed many enduring friendships. We who knew him at his daily work had all the more opportunity to experience the warm, sensitive fellowship he offered.

We realize now how often we turned to "W. C." for strength and counsel. We were confident that he would give us wise and impartial advice. The clear, sane judgment with which he weighed events in national life or questions involving the whole Society of Friends was available to us in our perplexities, whether they were personal or arose from our work. Even when he knew the advice was not taking the form we hoped for, he did not dishonor us by offering less than his sincere opinion. We might sometimes be disconcerted if we thought he detected in us some insincerity or unwillingness to face the truth, but we recognized his integrity and reviewed our own position.

No one could be long associated with Walter Woodward without discovering that he did not remain a passive witness of what he felt was an injustice. He was quick to do what he could. While he grieved if the course of justice and the demands of general welfare caused disappointment to an individual, he did not swerve from what he believed to be the right decision.

Walter Woodward brought a graciousness to our common life here at the office through his love of beauty in all its forms of expression. He was quick to see a touch of color, and his delight in music was genuine. In his own editorial work his goal was nothing less than perfection. But he did not lay down rules for his contributors to follow, for he respected their right to work out their own plan of development. Even when he admitted that he would not have used the same method himself, he rejoiced in their success.

We miss the sounds of hearty laughter that often came from his office when a visitor stopped to chat. With some he relived happy memories, with others he shared an appreciation of the comedy in everyday events. There is indeed a measure of the breadth of a man's sympathies in the number and variety of people with whom he is "on laughing terms."

And so we know that in Walter Woodward we had a friend who would laugh with us or grieve with us, advise us, defend us, criticize us and inspire us to develop our own abilities.

# For Justice Always

AMONG the sorrying peoples who bemoan the passing of Dr. Walter C. Woodward, there is one group in particular here in Richmond where his continued help and interest will be sorely missed.

The Townsend Community Center keenly feels that in the death of this valued member of the Board, we not only lose a most loyal associate, but in the true sense, one faithful friend whose untiring efforts have made possible this all important piece of social work among and for so large and needful a segment of our city's population.

Dr. Woodward brought to the Board of Townsend Center a deep insight and a most sympathetic understanding of the ever present race problem. During these trying times his sound advice and profound judgment were ever ready to help improve the social and economic conditions which confront our nation.

A broad sense of justice was his. He was a Christian gentleman and his life a fine example of the manner in which the lowly Nazarene went about doing good toward all mankind irrespective of race, creed or color. The many contacts of Dr. Woodward with men of every strata of society readily assisted him to properly interpret the yearning of persons of color for an equal and free opportunity to earn the legitimate reward of security for themselves and families.

While we continue to miss him we shall always cherish his memory.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
*Townsend Community Center.*

Richmond, Indiana.

# A Faith in Goodwill

By Frederick J. Libby

WALTER WOODWARD was a many-sided man, with the rich variety of interests that should characterize a Christian and a concerned Friend in so beautiful and, at the same time, so needy a world. The articles he wrote during his travels revealed both his appreciation of nature and his profound interest in human problems and their solution. But his writings show, I think, that his positive devotion to the cause of world peace in its many aspects was second to none of his other concerns.

You have only to look back through a file of THE AMERICAN FRIEND to realize this, both in the choice of topics for contributed articles and in the fine editorials by Walter Woodward himself. The *Messenger of Peace* Supplement to THE AMERICAN FRIEND, which he edited, was not, in his eyes, anywhere near adequate to meet the needs of Friends in the peace field.

I will not attempt to enumerate in support of this point the long list of major articles that have appeared in recent numbers of the paper. It is sufficient to state the fact to remind its readers that peace has been undoubtedly Walter Woodward's supreme interest. There was at the same time, however, a catholicity in his spirit that led him to seek a wide variety of opinions for publication, since the problems of permanent peace in an organized world are complex.

His personal position was clear and unwavering. In the choice between reliance on brute force and reliance on constructive goodwill, which is the continuing choice confronting the world, Walter Woodward had made his decision once for all and stuck to it. His faith was in constructive goodwill. He defended it and at the same time exemplified it. His leading editorial, "Remember the Exclusion Act!" in THE AMERICAN FRIEND for February 12, 1942, stated his position so admirably and forcibly that one would like to see the editorial reproduced in part or as a whole. He had received a "fervid" letter from a dissenting reader who had paid her respects to "groups characterized as 'Negotiated-Peacers,' 'Disarmament Pacifists,' and idealists in general," and then had sought to lay upon them the responsibility for Pearl Harbor because they had opposed a two-ocean navy and the fortification of Guam. Walter Woodward answered the writer in a two-page editorial that is a masterpiece of close reasoning in the best of spirit.

Starting further back than the writer of the letter he pointed out that Japan and the United States had been friendly nations until in 1924 the United States Senate passed the Japanese Exclusion Act, the day of its passage being characterized by the New York *Times* as "Black Friday." The peace forces of the country had done everything within their power to defeat this mad measure and "earnestly urged its repeal." "They did their best to prevent the naval rivalry that steadily developed between the two countries. Knowing how they would react were Japan to establish a naval base within striking distance of our shores, they opposed the fortification of Guam as a further step on the road to war. They deprecated the 'firm' policy of our government which finally involved the economic and military encirclement of Japan.

"Here was the crux of these contrasting policies of conciliation and force. . . The peace groups in the United States urged upon our government those policies that would strengthen the liberal forces among the Japanese. . . Instead of recognizing the wisdom of such a course, our government assumed an attitude of racial superiority and fostered a program of power politics that cut the ground from under the Japanese liberal and civil elements, and threw Japan into the arms of the military party which launched that country upon the angry sea of wanton aggression. The sad sequel of that aggression is the present war between Japan and the United States.

"We are confident that this war could have been avoided, and with fair dealing and with honor to all. We are sure that it would have been avoided if our government, including the U. S. Senate, had listened to the counsels given by the advocates of a policy of goodwill, as opposed to a policy of racial pride and coercion."

The editorial ends with a characteristic proposal of a slogan to replace the slogan of vengeance, "Remember Pearl Harbor!" Walter Woodward substituted a slogan of penitence, "Remember the Exclusion Act!" His attitude towards international policies could not have been more perfectly expressed.

# That Human Touch

By Merle L. Davis

EIGHT years of daily association with Walter C. Woodward in the office have been sufficient to lead us to appreciate him as a fellow worker. During that time a parade of people and problems has passed through the Friends Central Offices. Being as varied as they were numerous, they have touched all sides of life and have brought out the white and black, as well as the gray, of character.

No appraisal of our friend, as a fellow worker, could fail to recognize that he, as the rest of mankind, was human. Notwithstanding his serious devotion to duty and to his responsibilities he enjoyed the good fellowship of lighter moments. Friendly conversation with passing Friends who have dropped into the office for a brief time was not looked upon as an interruption to the editorial he might be involved in at the moment, but as a stimulus to thought. Few Friends ever saw him in anything but a tranquil mood, but he was not a man without metal. Injustice, abuse of the rights of others, and littleness stirred him profoundly underneath that placid surface.

Of the secretaries who have come and gone, none has held him or herself to a stricter self discipline than he. Most of us have found him at his desk when we arrived in the morning—he having come before the hour. Most men of his position would have accepted many outside speaking engagements, to their financial credit. But no head of a department at the Central Offices has been more uniformly at the office, day after day, than has Walter. THE AMERCAN FRIEND always left the office on time, due to the regularity which he exercised in its preparation and publication.

Related to the matter of self discipline to which he held himself was his attitude toward others in the office. He took care of his own business and had confidence that others would do the same. This virtue was so marked that it almost became a fault. But perhaps no one element has had more to do with the development of a smooth running office than this one of placing each person on his own responsibility. This attitude is in keeping with the true relationship of our boards and agencies of the Five Years Meeting. We are not one centralized administrative body, but a group of associated agencies in which the secretaries are responsible directly to their boards rather than to a higher official. These agencies are in turn coordinated

through the Executive Committee of the Five Years Meeting. Walter recognized this relationship and carefully respected it. In that, he was considerate of the opinion of others and often consulted the members of the staff in matters of common interest.

In all his relationships to those in the office he was always open and above board. No subtle questionable dealings, which ultimately bring distrust and division, were ever thought of as within the range of possibility with him. Figuratively, and almost always literally, his office door was open at all times.

As a counsellor his opinion was always respected, even when we saw a different point of view. He was one with whom we feared to disagree—not because of what he would say—but because we did not wish to be wrong.

No one has been a better adviser as to "who's who" among Quakers than he. His wide acquaintance within the Society of Friends, and his fair appraisal of the character and personality of each, frequently led us to ask about Friends whose names came up for consideration.

To say that, as fellow workers, we will greatly miss his counsel seems superfluous, yet to fail to do so would omit our deepest feeling. It is difficult to feel that he has gone. As we pass by his office door, we invariably look in, and feel that he should be there.

# Love in New Measure

By Francis D. Hole

THE death of one on whom we relied reveals to us in a new measure the spiritual strength which supports our very being. Like children, we have accepted the loving quiet by which our Father nourishes us and gives us breath. The departure of a friend in whom our confidence in this Christian life was rooted leaves us face to face with the divine current which moved in him. Knowing that his strength was and is from this divine presence, we feel, along with the sadness and wonder of the event, a share of the pervading assurance by which he lived.

The Friendliness incarnate in Walter Woodward has advanced the Kingdom among us so that he has become a part of many Friends and many institutions. He has championed four Christian concerns. Of these, the primary one is the discovery of God by all men, women, and children. The second is the declaration of peace and goodwill by individuals, inwardly in their own lives, and outwardly at home and abroad. The third is the education of boys and girls, of men and women, so that knowledge and the ability to think may assist us in laying hold on the greater riches of goodness, loveliness, and beauty of spirit. The last concern is about Quakerism itself, that Friends may be worthy of their heritage, that the Society of Friends may function properly in fulfilling the great tasks which are given it. He gave his energies each day to these things in order that the presence of God, that peace, that the light of knowledge and disciplined thought, and that the power of Quakerism might be known to us more fully. Through his life these things were made to live for us, and by his death they are made to live in us as never before.

Behind the activity of the days and the years dwell the winds, and the fires, and the tides of eternal love, incarnate in Jesus. The most precious thing which Walter Woodward gives us is a new measure of the knowledge of that love.

# He Knew The Light

By Harlow Lindley

FOR twenty-five years readers of THE AMERICAN FRIEND have had the opportunity of knowing of the close relationship existing between Walter C. Woodward and myself, particularly as reflected through his travelogue contributions. He was my closest friend for forty-four years, bound together by common interests and tastes, professional relationships and a blood tie.

The following lines express in words, better than my own, my appreciation for him:

"I loved him, friends; and in the mourner's place
Would I sit silent with my tears today.
But now his lips are still, and I must speak;
But what words can our thoughts of him portray?

"A true and sincere man! With open mind
And heart all crystal-clear, he faced the light.
For though it pained him, still with steadfast gaze
As on the sun, he dared look on the right.

"Yet gentle was he as a little child;
And, in his tender, sympathetic heart,
Weakness and sorrow found a hiding place;
No pang of others, but he felt the smart.

"And yet, O friends! it is such as he
That make the earth seem empty when they leave.
That he was noble is our comfort now,
And yet 'tis for this very cause we grieve.

"We'll hide his loving memory in our hearts,
We'll follow in the pathway that he trod;
We'll make each day another step upon
The stairway leading up to *him* and *God*."

# A Fellow Laborer

By Percy M. Thomas

IN THIS issue of THE AMERICAN FRIEND many Friends will be extolling the character and services of Walter C. Woodward.

For many years I have appreciated his ability as a journalist. I have thrilled at his easy use of the English language with the pen. I have profited by his prophetic editorials—editorials that at times seemed to be brutally frank, just as true prophecy always is to the generation to which it is given. In his lighter writings I have seen a world of beauty and interesting people. In all these things I have had some knowledge of his ability.

It was three and one-half years ago, when I came to Richmond to do promotional work for the Boards of the Five Years Meeting, that I began to know the man Walter C. Woodward. While most of my work came under his direction as Secretary to the Executive Committee, I never had the feeling that he sought to dominate or lord it over any one at the Central Offices—rather he took his place as a fellow laborer in the Master's Kingdom.

There are many things in life where distance seems to enhance the beauty. Many lives do not stand up well under the close scrutiny of everyday association. It is at this point that I wish to pay tribute to Walter C. Woodward.

I have seen him under the constant pressure of a time schedule—so much work had to be done before that unyielding dead line was reached. Guests, who were always

welcome, would unknowingly use up those precious hours, never realizing the problems created because Walter Woodward thought more of people than he did of his time.

How many times his sensitive soul suffered under the lash of some harsh criticism only to give back a reply, fraught with kindness, and a sincere desire to be understood! I have never seen him fail when he was forced to make a choice between doing what he thought was for the best or his own personal interests.

The one place where Walter Woodward stood far above his fellowmen was in his faith in all men. I have never known a person so reluctant to believe evil of anyone.

Even when reports might prove to be true he still believed that some explanation could be made that would remove much of the blame. This same virtue marked his attitude toward men of other races and color.

In this time of international conflict he was anxious—yes eager, to be fair and just in all his judgment of other people, not the least of all, our enemies. He was always active in any effort to bring conciliation where there were tension and strife. It is my judgment that few men carried more of the world's sufferings, than did he.

There are two words I will always associate with his memory: breadth and depth. No one would ever think of Walter Woodward as being superficial. He drank deeply from the fountains of grace and truth. His sympathies were as broad as his knowledge. His fellowship extended to almost every nation in the world, and yet he gave himself without stint to his community and his closest associates. In his passing we have lost a true friend and a fellow laborer in the Master's service, but faith says "lost, but for a while."

# From a Colleague

By Richard R. Wood

EVEN a casual reading of THE AMERICAN FRIEND gave an impression of zest. A meeting with the Editor did not change the impression. Walter Woodward liked people. He was interested in the things that interest people. He had the quality of sympathy, which was the quality that most impressed me, and which, I think, underlay his zest. He enjoyed life because he shared the joys of human beings.

In our occasional negotiations about the joint use of articles, Walter Woodward was considerate and reliable. I felt that he was a colleague in the field of Quaker journalism, rather than a competitor. This speaks volumes for his attitude toward others, because he had such real ability. His obvious superiority in editorial competence never seemed to occur to him. He treated me without any sign of condescension.

A flair for effective journalism did not interfere with deep interest in the basic questions of applying Quaker principles in the actual world. One came to expect THE AMERICAN FRIEND to present important and penetrating discussions of the problems that confront us.

My recollection of the Delaware Conference on the Churches and a Just and Durable Peace centers largely about Walter Woodward's keen interest, which was reflected in the admirable report of the conference in the paper. I can see him still, tall, alert, twinkling, friendly, critically interested, radiating zest and faith in the worthwhileness of living up to one's beliefs. We have lost a friend and leader while his powers were undiminished. We are thankful for the memory, and for the encouragement of his example.

# A Heritage of Joy

By Edward A. Nusbaum

LIFE sparkled wherever Walter Woodward went. It was so in the Scribblers Club. The writing which he shared with us usually concerned his own personal experiences and embodied his exquisite humor and tolerant understanding of the foibles of humanity. Occasionally his contribution would be in a serious mood, but more often, if it suited his purpose, he could "bring down the house" in laughter.

His appreciation of others is no less worthy of note. Truly his interests were as cosmopolitan as those of a fellow Scribbler, Merrill Root, who, in the poem, "Letter to the World," describes his "catholic nose that welcomes both the onion and the rose." As evidence of this catholicity, Walter Woodward could enjoy to the fullest extent another's effort, however banal it might be, whether as essay, story, poetry, drama, or some other form never before found on land or sea. His familiar chuckle was as much a spontaneous tribute to his own buoyant nature as to the wit of the author. And in the social hour following each program, his natural delight in the company of other people made him the center of conversation groups.

He will be especially remembered for the interest he took in the annual Play Festival which was formerly sponsored by the Scribblers Club. At times he participated as an actor, but generally he was selected for the presiding chairman, and as such he lent an air of gracious dignity to that occasion.

His loss to the Scribblers Club can not be measured in words of mine. But he has left us a heritage of joy in the fineness of great living; his cup overflowed with humanity. And in the rich associations of memory, his spirit will be with us always.

# He Was Our Friend

He was our friend
As he was friend to all
Who played and labored with him
And we shall miss him now that he is gone
More than mere words can say.

But even words can say
We never knew a man
Who had so many friends
So proud to call him theirs.

And even words can say
Our tears fell at his leaving
And that from those who wept
There fell no tear
That was not genuine.

And even words can say
He left a vacant place for us
The long years will not fill.

He was our friend
As he was friend to all
Who played and labored with him
And we shall miss him now he is gone away
More than all words can say.

CLAUDE L. STINNEFORD.

Richmond, Indiana.

# Humanity and Service

By Lloyd W. Ashby

THE Richmond Kiwanis Club lost, in the passing of Walter Woodward, a member who came as near to living up to the objects of Kiwanis International as any man I have ever known. These objects are:

"To give primacy to the human and spiritual, rather than to the material values of life.

"To encourage the daily living of the Golden Rule in all human relationships.

"To promote the adoption and the application of higher social, business, and professional standards.

"To develop by precept and example, a more intelligent, aggressive and serviceable citizenship.

"To promote through Kiwanis Clubs, a practical means to form enduring friendships, to render altruistic service, and to build better communities.

"To cooperate in creating and maintaining that sound public opinion and high idealism which make possible the increase of righteousness, justice, patriotism, and good will."

As one examines these objects, item by item, it is increasingly obvious that Walter ranked head and shoulders above most of us in making these ideals function in the everyday, workaday world where ideals often suffer. Walter's sincerity and devotion to the Golden Rule made it possible and natural for him to stand high in Kiwanis in every regard.

Walter was President of the club in 1934 and held at one time or another practically every office and important chairmanship that the club can elect or appoint a man to fill. An outstanding characteristic was his willingness to take the small job as well as the big one, and to put just as much into it. Walter made Kiwanis meaningful to himself by putting his life into its activities, and each time he did this he added new meaning to the club program.

During Walter's year as President, the club attained an average attendance of 90 per cent, the highest ever attained before or since. A Division meeting was held in Richmond in May of that year. Another high point of the year was the Citizenship Citation given to Mrs. Julia Gaar.

While a man of extremely high ideals, Walter was always human and big enough to be tolerant toward the other fellow's viewpoint. One of the most amusing, yet human things, Walter ever did in Kiwanis happened when he was once asked to return thanks at a regular luncheon on or near Thanksgiving Day. After a fine statement of a Thanksgiving attitude Walter ended up by saying, "We thank thee for the turkey we are about to have." This caused a hum of comment, then later plenty of laughter, and Kiwanians never ceased teasing Walter about his faith which was so great as to enable him to make a prediction of this kind.

Perhaps his outstanding contribution to Kiwanis was in the field of Kiwanis education, which means the translation of ideals into service, ideals which he exemplified in both personal and public life. Walter's last official duty in Kiwanis was a two-minute talk in behalf of the committee for the support of churches in their spiritual aims. This talk was given at the last meeting Walter attended, and was typical of his effort to give primacy to human and spiritual values.

The outreach of the spirit mentioned carried Walter into many and varied community activities that helped make Richmond a cultural center. I am thinking especially of such activities as the Civic Music Association which he was instrumental in helping create.

A great man has gone, but his spirit still lives and will always live.

# A Spirit Shared

By Millard S. Markle

TO WALTER WOODWARD was given an unusual capacity for friendship. Most of us are glad if we have a few real friends. At his passing there must have been hundreds who paid him the finest of tributes by saying, "He was my friend." So unselfish was his attitude that one could claim his friendship without any feeling of jealousy toward his other friends. The ever-open door of his little cubicle at the Central Office, through which came friends from near and far, was symbolic of the warm and generous spirit of one who could share with all who entered the treasures of mind and heart.

Another revelation of this friendliness was found in the Woodward home, where a simple and unaffected hospitality was shown by the entire household.

To those of us who must carry on will often come a desire for the friendly counsel upon which we have so long depended; but so fully has the mantle of his faith and vision fallen upon us that we are led forward with courage and zeal.

# Community Leaven

By E. C. Cline

WALTER WOODWARD lived a full life zestfully because nothing human was alien to his interests. This was markedly true of his community activities; he did not look upon such participation as a chore that someone has to do, but as a bit of human experience to be enjoyed. He never refused to help, and when he helped he brought so much good humor, patience, and tolerance, as well as persistent effort, that his co-workers, too, enjoyed the experience for its own sake. It was that delightfully human comradeship that makes us miss him so much, but which also makes us feel that he moves with us still; he lives on also in this world.

Walter Woodward was always sure to be present, and helpfully so, wherever people of Richmond were gathered in a worthy cause. He was a loyal member of Kiwanis, a past president; his wise counsel and ever-present sense of humor made him a leader long to be remembered; in addition, his enjoyment of social intercourse led him to accept gladly the job of planning such things as Ladies' Nights. In the Civic Music Association he was a member of the Board of Directors, then president, and always hardest working and most successful, of salesman of memberships. He was one of the originators in the College Men's Club where he continually gave us all lessons in graciousness, tolerance, and intellectual grasp of the great variety of topics there discussed.

Along with these friendly activities went his Friendly interests—the community projects in which Friends have been traditionally concerned. He was always effectively there in such matters as inter-racial gatherings; he was a member of the Board of Directors of the Townsend Branch of the Community Fund—the character-building organization for Negroes in Richmond. And so one might go on with a long catalogue of community activities in which, by contact with him, some of us lesser Friends and many others outside the Society learned what the Christian spirit in social action can mean. Voltaire was said once to have expressed amazement at having found in England a group of Christians who, he said, acted like Christians; the group was one of Quakers. Walter Woodward made all his friends see how effectively one can act when one really acts like a Christian.

# Of Life Rejuvenated

By Murray C. Johnson

THE homegoing of Walter C. Woodward brings, first of all, a feeling of well-nigh devastating loneliness. For a generation he has been the one to whom we have gone with our problems, and he has given without stint and hinderance of his help and counsel. Now our pilgrimages to his tiny office at the head of the stairs must cease, and we cannot help feeling sad.

This dispensation, however, causes us to realize more keenly than ever before the truth that great and good lives can never end. The words which our friend has spoken, the articles he has written, and the movements of righteousness to which he has given support, will continue to endure in the lives and memories of his associates, and will bring forth fruit long after their author has been at rest. I do not know where Heaven lies today, but I do know that wherever kindliness, simplicity, and love for truth are found, there the rejuvenated spirit of Walter C. Woodward will abide forever.

# Lighted By the Sunset

By Elizabeth H. Emerson

IN THE community in which I lived as a young girl there was a woman who comforted everyone in trouble. She was the mother of three, and when children lost parents she swept them with her own into the circle of her love. She was not so far removed from her own youth that she had forgotten that the heart-aches of youth are very real, and she was the confidant of adolescents. As a parent she went into homes where there was sickness or loss of children and her very presence seemed to make grief bearable. When, one morning, our little village learned that Fannie had slipped away, our sorrow was immeasurable. I remember well my feeling that Fannie must come back to comfort us in our loss of herself.

Who can write words of the writer of words? For twenty-five years, as those known and loved by Friends have gone, it has been Walter Woodward who has written the words that have voiced our common grief and skillfully evaluated the life that has passed. Who, now, is worthy even to try to find the right phrases?

Driving into New Mexico from Colorado over the old winding pass which has now given way to a less scenic and safer one, there is an unsurpassed view of the southwest plains, dotted with hundreds of strange-shaped mountain peaks, rising to various heights. The light of a setting sun turns them into golden turrets and pinnacles, and makes the whole a wonderland of grandeur.

So are the heights arising from the plain of a friendship of thirty years, just now lighted by a sudden sunset. Shared laughter, near-tears of sympathy, humble thanks for praise, frank disagreements, encouragements of a handclasp or a spoken word, greetings after separations, the exaltation of music heard together, a rebuke or two—well deserved, goodbyes, the perfect Christmas dinner in the quiet Woodward home while a blizzard raged without, hours of worship at West Richmond, discussions in the Forum, acceptance of my first fearful contribution to THE AMERICAN FRIEND, requests for others, and always letters; letters to bring a laugh, letters of concern, letters of the beloved family, and editorials that seemed as if they were personal letters calling me to deeper thought or better action—these are the little peaks that shine upon the beautiful plain of friendship.

There are two points that stand higher than others, because they are nearer in time: the visit of last summer, long planned and at last fulfilled, when our two families, complete, were together in our southwestern home, and the last letter, signed, "Sincerely and appreciatively." How much in those two words! A whole life of sincerity —no cant, no pretense. A whole life of appreciation of people of every kind and class.

There are many to try to speak and write of the seeming tragedy of work half-finished, offices vacant, positions unfilled. I can only add these lines of a heart big enough and warm enough to make a very special place within it for every one of his many friends. These will join me in deep thanksgiving.

# To Walter C. Woodward

Not even the tragedy of purse grown thin,
Nor the catastrophe of what might have been
Can ever erase that modest grace,
Of the calm and poise of the "Quaker face."

Straight as an arrow and the flight of a bird,
Was that ancient faith in the "Quaker's word."
It wasn't the noise of loud acclaim,
Nor the amount of money, nor worldly fame.

Like the scent of lavender on fine old lace,
And the harmonious coloring of a priceless vase;
His word was known—"As good as his bond."
And his face held assurance of realms beyond.

Void of the animal and free from pretense,
His life gave forth a pleasing incense.
Like some rare perfume, or a tender farewell,
Or the lingering over-tone of a cathedral bell.

FREDRIC E. CARTER.

# One Man's Greatness

By Stanley Hamilton

MANY and great were the honors, distinction and praise justly given to Walter Woodward during the crowded years of his life. There is no need to recount here the list of his accomplishments and skills and few men are ever blessed with such a variety. Beyond all this, however, were two talents which few men had in greater measure and balance, the ability to work with people and the common touch.

During his last illness a woman Friend from a neighboring Yearly Meeting was attending a series of committee meetings here at Quaker Hill. She asked about Walter Woodward's condition and said, "I never knew anyone so easy for ordinary people to talk with. I could go to him with any kind of a problem and he was always ready to talk with me and to help in any way that he could."

In the establishment of Quaker Hill and during the months it was used as a refugee hostel, Walter Woodward was guide, counsellor and friend to all. He took especial care to make the refugees welcome at West Richmond Meeting and at Earlham College. At teas, lectures and parties at Quaker Hill he was a frequent and happy participant. Because he had the common touch our people looked forward to his coming and were refreshed because of his visits. Some of the men were closely drawn to him because they found a stimulating mind as well as an understanding spirit.

In planning for the future of Quaker Hill, Walter Woodward took the long look ahead. He wanted it to be a

Friends center serving all Friends and the historic peace churches. He helped to bring together those of differing views by his calm and reasoned judgment. Here again was demonstrated his skill in working with people.

After much reflection I turn again to the conclusion that Walter Woodward was great because he knew how to work with people. He loved them. People — not just masses or statistics. The printers at the shop who helped him get out THE AMERICAN FRIEND. The little boy who came in occasionally to shine his shoes. The man on the street, business and professional men, factory workers, Negro children, students at Earlham, Young Friends everywhere—all of these and many more knew a friend in Walter Woodward and loved him in return.

I shall miss him greatly. For fourteen years I have known him as a counsellor and friend. His advice and judgment have meant much to me. But I shall miss him for other reasons—reasons which he would enjoy. I know of no person with whom I would rather attend a Friends meeting for worship, eat lunch, or go to a baseball game.

# Spirit of Goodness

By Andrew W. Cordier

IT IS spring. A rich blanket of green forces itself through the earth. Green leaves cover naked limbs and trunks. Magnolias, violets and tulips are in bloom. Children respond eagerly to warm sunshine and to fresh spring air. Nature and humanity alike are aflame with new life.

It is in the midst of a season like this that Walter Woodward would have chosen to pass out of this state of existence. His life was buoyant, rich and full. For men like him death seems to be only an incident leading on to greater richness and fullness of influence.

When visiting Italy some years ago, I planned a pilgrimage to Assisi to visit the native haunts of St. Francis. In Rome an ardent devotee of St. Francis said to me, "So you are going to Assisi. You will see St. Francis. He walks through the streets of the town; he plods through the Umbrian plains. He is there. You will see him." I could not have had a more fitting preparation for my significant venture. For one can see the spirit of St. Francis in the life and spirit of the Umbrian hills. As I stood by the cript of the saint I felt that I was standing as close to the real St. Francis as I could possibly stand. Death to St. Francis was a mere entry into a more complete existence. He lived so distinctly in the life of the spirit that the magnetism of his life reaches down to our own time.

Walter Woodward often reminded us of that spirit of goodness. As a man of deep convictions he was tolerant in spirit. As a man of large abilities he worked most democratically with others of lesser ability. As a faithful member of his Church he transcended sectarian limits. He expressed in his own life that extra-ordinary Quaker quality of warm fidelity of Quaker principles, with a rare capacity of utilizing truth, beauty and goodness wherever they might be found.

Walter Woodward's contribution to the field of scholarship and Christian thinking are well known. Thanks to his incisive reasoning, his clear vision, his keen grasp of the rich values behind facts and his simplicity of expression, his editorials in THE AMERICAN FRIEND ranked high in Christian journalism.

As a fellow-Hoosier I was always impressed with the quality of his citizenship. He had a broad range of interests and contacts. He supported many good causes and followed them through thoroughly. Certainly the life of his community as well as the life of his state and country have been richly blessed by his constant awareness of the avenues through which constructive citizenship could be manifested.

Although he was a devoted Friend, every member of the Church of the Brethren who knew him felt that he belonged also to us. Through that rich fellowship we are able to see that Walter Woodward, though dead in body, is still alive and with us in spirit. We shall be able to "see" him around us in a great number of worthy causes and in the lives of a multitude of people.

# Truth Manifest

By Edwin and Marian Sanders

VERY often a prominent man is known and remembered for only one particular achievement or for outstanding work in one area of activity. Walter Woodward's competence as an editor of a Quaker journal is indisputable; his record as a leading citizen is written into the lives and culture of residents of Richmond, of students of Earlham College, of Quakerdom at large. There are many other areas of his life which will be memorialized by those who knew him.

Walter Woodward was above all an integrated personality. We have been privileged in having the opportunity to feel the radiating impact of his wholeness in contacts with his family and especially with his mother. We lived one school term in the home of Amanda Woodward in Newberg, Oregon. Returning from classes for a quick lunch we would be informed that THE AMERICAN FRIEND had just arrived, that Walter had written a good editorial, that we might have it to read as soon as she had looked over it again. And when we were given the copy we found it to be a critically evaluated one. The outstanding articles were indicated and the key sentences and paragraphs were marked. After all of us had read the magazine there came the experience of discussing the various articles with Amanda Woodward. It was in such experiences that we learned to love Walter Woodward as a manifestation of the eternal spirit which shone through his mother.

An even dearer privilege was afforded us in listening to letters written by Walter Woodward to his mother. Through these letters we began to feel this family to be a vibrant organism composed of extremely interesting personalities who shone brightest within the family framework. Walter Woodward often chuckled verbally at some of the escapades of "Buzzie"; he would reflect merited pride in the wisdom and accomplishments of Mary Ellen; and would inform us of the useful activities of Bernice Louise and Al at Westtown. The girls whom we knew by sight became intimate acquaintances of ours, for Walter Woodward thoughtfully made copies of the girls' letters and included them in his weekly letter to his mother. The girls paid repeated tribute to their father in sharing their experiences and enjoying his in true comradeship. Through the letters read to us we learned also to appreciate the ease with which Catherine Woodward carried on the many activities which complemented those of her husband. Both within the pages of THE AMERICAN FRIEND and in the letters written to his mother, Walter Woodward is remembered as one who built his finest ideals around his home.

This privilege of association with the Woodward family has given us a new concept of immortality. Loving intensely the beautiful spirit of Amanda Woodward, we could appreciate more fully that keenness, quiet humor, and broad awareness of hers which was reflected in her

son. The various members of the family revealed by their letters the possession of those qualities which have endeared Walter Woodward to Friends. Because Walter Woodward spoke out so effectively what he believed and shared something of his spirit in all he did, those of us who have read the pages of THE AMERICAN FRIEND and have known his family are better able to carry on in that spirit of truth manifested in the life activities of Walter C. Woodward.

# As I Knew Him

By Dr. Thomas W. Hester

WALTER C. WOODWARD, who was a student at Pacific College with me in the early days of the institution, was one of those rare persons who could grasp history, economics, or common place experience. Although not consciously aware of any superior ability on his part, he was so adept that he was often requested by his professors to monopolize the whole recitation. These contributions by Walter were greatly enjoyed and appreciated by the students.

As class president or as college orator, Walter Woodward was always the same—honest, earnest, and representative, filling his job with ability and distinction.

As a close friend and room-mate at Earlham College, I found him a good sport, entering athletics and other contests with a will and determination. He was enthusiastic and participated in the fun of the college yet was always true to the school's best principles.

In later years he developed a great gift of leadership in his chosen field, the Five Years Meeting, serving it in many ways. Many people have turned to him for counsel and help. Although an exceedingly busy man, absorbed in his duties, he never lost interest in Oregon, the place of his youth, and often wrote of its various beauty spots. In his fascinating travelogues, he has continued to show an interest in his boyhood friends.

As a student, a thinker, a leader, a counselor, and a friend he has served well. I am sure that all who have touched his path have been enriched thereby.

# From a Non-Friend

By C. Franklin Koch

MANY hearts must have skipped a beat when word was received of the death of Walter C. Woodward. It was more than word that a friend had moved on. It was a notice that one who typified something needed by men of this day was gone from them, his voice fading into the shadows, his pen lying dry upon his desk.

Yet Walter Woodward will live on. The fires which he started in human hearts by his sympathetic, understanding love for men, his sharing with them their sufferings and depressions cannot be easily quenched. The inspiration he gave to others to serve God and men as he did—unselfishly, genuinely, unostentatiously—will continue to give drive to their lives. To both these groups, he being dead yet speaks.

To one not a member of the Society of Friends, Walter Woodward was representative of that which he held to be most typical of members of that group. He was the kind of a Friend who made others feel that the Quakers have something they too fain would have. His light was a reflection of "the true Light," in whose presence he now is forevermore.

# A Voice of Quakerism

By Sue C. Yerkes

WALTER C. WOODWARD'S connection with THE AMERICAN FRIEND began the same year (1917) as mine with the *Friends Intelligencer.* During all these years there has been a warm feeling of friendship between us. We have not met personally more than a few times, due to distance, and not very many letters have been exchanged, but there has always been an understanding of each other's problems and a willingness to share what might be of service. The Board of Managers of the *Intelligencer* as well as myself have looked upon Walter Woodward as a pillar of Quaker journalism. His liberal attitude in his connection with other religious publications was marked. We mourn his death as a loss to the whole of Quaker expression.

# The World At Large

By Floyd W. Tomkins

FOR many years Walter Woodward has been a helpful and valued member of the ecumenical movement. My own correspondence with him began in the years before the Edinburgh Conference in 1937, and it was largely due to him that the Five Years Meeting was so ably represented there and at Oxford. It was a great regret to us that he could not be present, but it was always his way to do the essential work faithfully and effectively and then leave to others the public appearances. Nevertheless, in the perfecting of the plans for the World Council of Churches in recent years, his sympathy and understanding made him inevitably the leader, and we owe to his wise statesmanship the successful solution of the questions that made it difficult for Friends to take their full part in this program. I had the privilege of corresponding with him about these questions, and I know that we owe to him a great debt of gratitude for guiding the discussions so wisely and fairly that now the Five Years Meeting is an active sharer in the cooperative work.

May he go from strength to strength in that life of fuller service to which his Master has called him!

# From the Printer

WALTER WOODWARD took over the editorial duties of THE AMERICAN FRIEND a few months before the writer left for military service in 1917, so it was not until after the war that I really knew him. From my return to Richmond until the date of his death, I was closely associated with Walter Woodward in the production of THE AMERICAN FRIEND.

Considerably more than a commercial relationship existed between our organization and Walter Woodward. His efficiency as an editor was especially marked and appreciated; but his kindly criticisms, his constructive suggestions and sincere friendliness endeared him to our entire personnel.

After the death of Timothy Nicholson, my grandfather, it was natural that my father, John H. Nicholson, should have turned to Walter Woodward to prepare the biography. The Nicholson family always will hold him in grateful remembrance for his splendid work, "Timothy Nicholson, Master Quaker."

RAYMOND B. NICHOLSON,
*President,* Nicholson Printing Company.

# Walter Carleton Woodward

## Biography

ALL Quakerdom at large and many beyond the confines of the Society of Friends lost a much beloved friend in the sudden passing of Walter Carleton Woodward, for twenty-five years Editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND and Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Five Years Meeting of Friends in America. His death on April 14, 1942, in Richmond, Indiana, following an illness of less than ten days after he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage on Easter Sunday at his home.

Walter C. Woodward, the son of Ezra Hinshaw and Amanda Maris Woodward, was born near Mooresville, Indiana, on November 28, 1878. At the age of two years he removed from Indiana with his parents to the Chehalem Valley in Oregon. His early education was in the common schools of that area, where he was later graduated from Friends Pacific Academy at Newberg, Oregon, out of which grew the present Pacific College. In the spring of 1898 he took his A.B. degree from Pacific College. The following year he came to Indiana and studied at Earlham College, receiving in 1899 the B.L. degree from that school.

Returning to Newberg, from 1899 until 1906 he was associated with his father in the editing and publishing of the Newberg *Graphic*. During the years when his father was serving as Postmaster of Newberg, Walter Woodward had the sole responsibility of editing the *Graphic*.

In the fall of 1906 he joined the faculty of Pacific College as Professor of History. This year of teaching was followed by three intensive years of graduate study at the University of California in Berkeley. There he received his M.A. in 1908 and his Ph.D. in 1909. His doctor's thesis, "The Rise and Early History of Political Parties in Oregon," became the standard authority on Oregon politics during the years 1843-1863.

Walter Woodward joined the Earlham College faculty in 1910 as Professor of History and Political Science, serving in that capacity until 1917 when he was called to assist the Five Years Meeting. One year during his teaching he was granted leave of absence to serve as Director of the State Historical Commission. This was in 1916, marking the centennial anniversary of the State of Indiana, for which he headed the celebration.

On September 10, 1912, Walter Woodward was married to Catherine Hartman, the daughter of Harvey R. and Mary E. Hartman of Remington, Indiana, and a graduate of Earlham College in 1911. To them were born three daughters—Bernice Louise Woodward Hay, now registrar at Westtown School where her husband, Alexander Hay, is a teacher of History; Mary Ellen Woodward, now in Tucson, Arizona, where she is graduating this spring from the University of Arizona; and Elisabeth Woodward, in senior high school in Richmond.

At the call of the Five Years Meeting, Walter Woodward assumed his responsibilities as General Secretary on January 1, 1917. In December, 1927, this responsibility was changed to make him Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Five Years Meeting.

According to announcement by the Publication Board and the Executive Committee, late in April, 1917, Walter Woodward was asked, due to the continued illness of the editor and manager, S. Edgar Nicholson, to assume acting editorial responsibility for THE AMERICAN FRIEND until time of the forthcoming Five Years Meeting in the fall of that year.

After these months of carrying the full management, late in November, 1917, the Publication Board placed the entire direction of the paper in the hands of the General Secretary of the Five Years Meeting, making him the editor. In the editorial of the November 29, 1917, issue, Walter Woodward wrote, "It shall be our purpose first of all to make our church paper the exponent of the best thought and life of Quakerism . . . another way of saying that it shall be made to serve in its field the world need by furthering Quaker ideals. These, in the light of the history and progress of the Society of Friends, and 'as God gives us to see the right' must we, in all humility, interpret."

As an invaluable alumni and former faculty member, Walter Woodward was elected to the Board of Trustees of Earlham College in 1918. In the following year he was made Chairman of that Board, a position which he held continuously.

A member of Indiana Yearly Meeting, he had served as Clerk of the Permanent Board since 1923. From 1916 until his death he was an active member of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

Twice he traveled abroad, first in 1920 to participate in the first World Conference of Friends which was held in London that year. Again in 1930 he traveled extensively in Europe upon invitation, as a member of the Seminar on International Relations which Sherwood Eddy was conducting. Through all these contacts were broadened his knowledge and discernment in international affairs, as he served to bring always closer together the world community of Friends. During the spring term of 1925 he lectured in Political Science at Haverford College upon the invitation of President W. W. Comfort. For many years he was a member of the Executive Board of the American Friends Service Committee, and was associated in behalf of Friends with the Conference on Faith and Order, of which Archbishop of Canterbury William Temple is chairman.

Among his writings in addition to his doctor's dissertation are his "Friendly Tales of Foreign Trails," a recounting of his European trip in 1920; and "The Life of Timothy Nicholson," that master Quaker whom he admired so much. The pageant, "In Quest of Freedom," was written in connection with the Indiana Centennial and was produced for an Earlham College May Day. He was anticipating and had much material gathered for the writing of a biography of Barnabas C. Hobbs, another notable Friend. Much of this material had been furnished by his mother, who was a pupil of Barnabas Hobbs.

Walter Woodward served effectively and faithfully the local Friends groups in Richmond. He had been Clerk of West Richmond Monthly Meeting for many years and was the moving force in numerous meeting activities.

Community enterprises were as vital to Walter Woodward's well-rounded life as his many friendships were precious. He was a leading Kiwanian, having been President of that service club in 1934. He was a member of the Scribblers Club of Richmond, a group of amateur writers who regularly meet to exchange compositions. To the discussions and philosophizing of the College Men's Club, a group of business and professional men representing various schools and denominations, he regularly added his wit and insight.

The Richmond Civic Music Association is indebted to him for his enthusiastic, aggressive support of its organization, whose President he was made in the spring of 1941. He was prominent for his activities on the Board of the Townsend Community Service, the Negro activity center of Richmond.

Walter Woodward was a member of

Pi Gammu Mu, honorary Social Science fraternity.

Besides his wife and three daughters, Walter Woodward leaves a sister, Mrs. W. A. King of Portland, Oregon; and his mother, Amanda M. Woodward, whom Friends across the country have come to know well and love dearly. She is in her eighty-seventh year.

Funeral services were held at West Richmond Meetinghouse on April 16, with R. Furnas Trueblood in charge assisted by Charles M. Woodman, President William C. Dennis and Alvin T. Coate. At the same hour in Newberg, Oregon, a memorial service was held with Levi T. Pennington in charge. The burial was in Earlham Cemetery.

# A Constant Pageant of Triumph

By Emily Parker Simon

AT THE recent All American Friends Conference, a Friend came up to me, extended her hand in greeting and asked, "Do I know thee?" I told her who I was and she said, "Let's see—oh yes, now I know; thee is Walter Woodward's friend." Anyone may well be proud to be recognized in that manner! How many across the country and even beyond have felt the encouragement of his friendliness!

I have never forgotten some words I heard Walter Woodward read the first time I went to West Richmond Friends Meeting. From Moffatt's translation of Second Corinthians, second chapter and fourteenth verse—"Wherever I go, thank God he makes my life a constant pageant of triumph in Christ." A constant pageant of triumph! Not only where he himself could go, but way beyond—went his Messenger of Peace, and through his able writings in THE AMERICAN FRIEND were carried his concern for all Friends; across many frontiers and beyond barriers raised by bitterness was carried his concern for the brotherhood of all mankind, for the abundant life for each person under God regardless of race or class or creed, his vicarious suffering for a world, broken and bleeding.

From what unlikely places have come letters saying, "I read in THE AMERICAN FRIEND." From isolated Friends, from those cut off from fellowship with others of like mind by circumstances of war, from refugees, from prisoners of war. What new note of courage and hope was sounded by that simple phrase, "I read in THE AMERICAN FRIEND . . ." All these to whom his message brought fresh hope and courage have become living characters in his pageant of triumph.

One day when I was serving as Executive Secretary of the Board of Young Friends Activities, Walter Woodward came into my office to read a letter he had received from William I. Hull. It spoke appreciatively of the service of the editor over a period of twenty years. It obviously warmed the heart of the editor as well as surprised him. It indicated how much a few words written in understanding and appreciation can mean. That experience has come to my mind many times since.

By some strange trick of memory I recalled it only a few months ago and realized that this year marked the twenty-fifth anniversary for Walter Woodward as Editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND. It seemed fitting that some recognition should be made of this outstanding service. It also seemed within the Friendly tradition to give expression to a sincerely felt appreciation. Many Friends were consulted and the concern for such a recognition grew.

Strange now to recall are the words which came from Catharine Woodward who was first consulted concerning the matter. She wrote, "As you know, W. C. has done a swell job, has worked hard and thoroughly enjoyed it. He has had a lot more commendation than criticism, but like you, I believe in bouquets to the living." Who would have imagined that we were even then planning too late?

It was agreed that the All American Friends Conference would be an appropriate time for such a recognition. Walter Woodward, by his understanding of Quakerism, his breadth of view and his courageous spirit, contributed much toward the increased understanding and cooperation between the various Friends groups. Some one spoke at this last conference, reminiscently, of the time when Walter Woodward confessed to him that he was tremblingly waiting to be fired because he had dared to write of an anticipated All Friends Conference. That Friends met this year with no such feeling is due in no small measure to the continuous efforts made by Walter Woodward to increase and strengthen the understanding between Friends.

All who attended the pre-conference sessions of the World Conference of Friends in 1937 will remember with delight the way in which the vagaries of various Friends groups were described by Walter Woodward.

So it was that at this time of representative Friendly gathering, plans were laid for a testimonial dinner to be held on Saturday evening during the conference at West Richmond Friends Meeting. It was to have been a gala occasion!

Such lesser testimonials may be arranged and executed by men. But there remains that Higher Power which determines our destiny. Before it, how insignificant seem the affairs of men!

So it was that Friends from many sections of Quakerdom gathered, not in vocal testimony as had been planned but in silent tribute to a great Friend who had escaped their lesser homage and had left them to face a new kind of testimonial.

Someone said, "It seems as if a world already anemic had been drained of another pint of blood." But grief over our loss is no fitting testimonial for our Friend. Rather, does it rest with those of us who here remain to increase our endeavor to bear witness to that way of life to which he was so wholly committed. Strength and encouragement will come through fellowship in that spirit he shared so generously.

Let all of us who would have tried to give a verbal expression of appreciation at that originally planned testimonial, now deepen our understanding of the real message of the Society of Friends, sense in our spirits more fully the suffering and the struggling of the world torn by war, go forward with renewed vigor and consecration of spirit to "let all nations hear the sound by words or writing. Spare no place, spare no tongue nor pen, but be obedient to the Lord God, go through the work and be valiant for the Truth upon earth . . . be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations wherever you come, that your carriage and your life may preach among all sorts of people and to them. . ." So shall our tribute be translated into a witness!

What could be more fitting than the words read by Robert Yarnall at the Pendle Hill Board Meeting in memory of Walter Woodward. From "Pilgrim's Progress" these lines:

"Thus Mr. Valiant joined the company of Mr. Great-heart and Christiana and her sons, protecting them at the rear of the line as Mr. Great-heart did at the head. They passed, weary but undaunted, through a difficult country, avoiding the Enchanted Ground of spiritual drowsiness, and came at last to the Land of Beulah, beside the river across which lay

the land which they were seeking. Here they stayed until the summons came to each to cross. First went Christiana."

Then "it was noised abroad that Mr. Valient-for-Truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the others.

"When he understood it he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he, 'I am going to my Father's and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder' . . . When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, 'Death where is thy sting?' And as he went deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

As the echoes of the trumpets on the other side fade away, we face our uncompleted plans and turn to try to give more adequate testimony to our loving appreciation of Walter C. Woodward, Mr. Valiant-for-Truth.

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## THOSE PARTICIPATING IN THIS NUMBER

LEVI T. PENNINGTON — President Emeritus, Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon.

JAMES MYERS — Industrial Secretary, Federal Council of Churches.

R. FURNAS TRUEBLOOD—Pastor, West Richmond Friends Meeting, Richmond.

W. CLYDE ALLEE—Professor of Zoology at Chicago University.

MARJORIE HILL ALLEE — Chicago Friend, author of children's books and articles.

RICHARD R. WOOD — Co-Editor, *The Friend*, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. WOODMAN—Earlham College faculty member, Richmond.

DOROTHY HEIRONIMUS — Educational Secretary, American Friends Board of Missions, Richmond.

HOMER J. COPPOCK—Teacher and Assistant Dean, Herzl Junior College, Chicago.

SUE C. YERKES—Editor, *Friends Intelligencer*, Philadelphia.

WALTER ELLINGER — Former Quaker Hill resident from Frankfurt-am-Main, now working and residing in Cincinnati.

EDWARD A. NUSBAUM—Member, Richmond Scribblers Club; Kiwanian; businessman.

CLARENCE E. PICKETT—Executive Secretory, American Friends Service Committee.

HARLOW LINDLEY — Secretary, Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society, Columbus, Ohio.

FREDERICK J. LIBBY—Executive Secretary, National Council for the Prevention of War.

EDWIN and MARIAN SANDERS—Former Pacific College faculty members, now directors of A. F. S. C. Flanner House project in Indianapolis.

PERCY M. THOMAS—Promotional and Educational Secretary, Five Years Meeting, Richmond.

DR. C. FRANKLIN KOCH — Executive Secretary, Board of Social Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America.

LLOYD W. ASHBY—Richmond Kiwanis President; Principal, David Worth Dennis Junior High School.

FRANCIS D. HOLE—On leave from the Earlham College faculty for graduate work at the University of Wisconsin.

MILLARD S. MARKLE—Professor of Biology, Earlham College, Richmond.

FLOYD W. TOMKINS—Associate Secretary for America, World Conference on Faith and Order.

DR. THOMAS W. HESTER—Physician in Newberg, Oregon; graduate of Earlham College.

STANLEY HAMILTON—Director, Quaker Hill, Richmond.

MERLE L. DAVIS—Administrative Secretary, American Friends Board of Missions, Richmond.

ERROL T. ELLIOTT — Pastor, First Friends Meeting, Indianapolis.

W. BRUCE HADLEY — Pastor, First Friends Meeting, Richmond.

WILLIAM C. DENNIS—President Earlham College, Richmond.

RUFUS M. JONES—Chairman, American Friends Service Committee.

ANDREW W. CORDIER — Professor of History, Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

EMILY PARKER SIMON — Baltimore Friend, formerly Executive Secretary, Board of Young Friends Activities; and A. F. S. C. worker in Spain.

JAMES R. FURBAY — Pastor, First Friends Meeting, Marion, Indiana.

# Messages from Many Friends

### AKRON, OHIO

Dear Friends:

As Executive Secretary of our Mennonite Central Committee and as the Mennonite representative on the Friends-Brethren-Mennonite Continuation Committee set up some years back resulting in continually closer cooperation in the service of the two churches, it was natural that the name of Walter C. Woodward came to my attention time and time again. As subscriber and reader of THE AMERICAN FRIEND for the past several years, I have felt that I learned to know him even better.

The aforementioned Committees—particularly the Mennonite Central Committee—have in recent years learned to appreciate the spirit and genius of Friends as never before and are happy in our present association with them in meeting the challenges of our today and know full well from experiences within our own circles what loss is entailed when a leader, such as Walter C. Woodward has been to your work, passes.

In passing through such experiences one also notes time and again how God does raise up new men to carry on His program. This faith helps us all to carry on.

ORIE O. MILLER.

* * * *

### STICKNEY, SOUTH DAKOTA

Dear Friends:

Please may we come in and join the many, many who want to pay tribute to our dearly beloved friend, Walter C. Woodward. We were so shocked and grieved when we heard of his brief illness and passing away. We heard of and read of Walter C. Woodward many times; then we had the privilege of meeting him at Nebraska Yearly Meeting. He did not seem like a stranger to us, but it was as though we had found a dear friend.

After meeting him we were more eager to read his editorials and writings.

During the summer of 1932 when Walter Woodward and his family went to the West Coast to visit friends and meetings on the way and his mother at Newberg, Oregon, a letter from him before leaving Richmond told of their trip. He said they expected to return through South Dakota on Highway 16 and would visit the Hansons and our meeting if satisfactory with us. We wrote a happy, "Yes, come." We learned the date of their arrival and planned for a service that evening. It was a good service and

there were a splendid number out to hear Walter's message to us. It did us all good and meant so much to have them at our meeting and visiting in our homes.

Since then as we met Walter Woodward at the Friends conference in Oskaloosa, the different Five Years Meeting sessions and the All Friends Conference at Swarthmore, we always found him so understandingly sympathetic, always giving his time and talents in helping others. Our visit in the Woodward home during the last Five Years Meeting will always be a happy memory to us.

CASPAR and ELIZABETH HANSON.

* * * *

## NEOGA, ILLINOIS

Dear Friends:

Through the Wider Quaker Fellowship I came to know and appreciate Walter C. Woodward. Our first meeting was at a gathering of Friends in Chicago, April first, 1938. We had not been sitting together long until our deep concern for the creation of a more friendly attitude toward our neighbors across the Pacific had become a subject of mutual interest. Both of us recognized that the anti-democratic color and racial legislation enacted by Congress has been the chief barrier to understanding and friendly cooperation around the Pacific.

It was a joy to know Walter Woodward was concerned for world-wide, inter-racial goodwill. And mention being made of "Our Faith in Democracy," an article of mine which had only appeared in the *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) the previous day, his immediate response was that THE AMERICAN FRIEND would also publish the article.

Two years ago, in sending my annual dues, I said to the editor, "THE AMERICAN FRIEND is by all odds the most valuable religious reading that reaches me. It has an exquisite fragrance of friendliness." Much of the excellence of THE AMERICAN FRIEND was due to its Christ-like editor. Even in reading of his travels, the friends he was meeting almost seemed to become one's own friends.

What a blessed week Ada L. Campbell and I were able to spend at Richmond, in attendance at the Five Years Meeting! The Friends we met and the fellowship we enjoyed will always be a helpful memory. Well done, good and faithful editor and friend.

FRANK D. CAMPBELL.

* * * *

## LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Dear Friends:

When the last issue of THE AMERICAN FRIEND informed me of the passing of Walter C. Woodward, I felt the loss of a good friend.

His early editorial training on a "country weekly" in Oregon gave him experience with his readers at close range and he learned how and what to write in order to interest them. His Christian training, coupled with his kindly nature, enabled him to produce a helpful and inspiring paper. He had the talent to mix wit and humor in the right proportion to keep the more weighty religious messages from making the paper "top heavy" and popular with only a portion of his readers. Instead it had something about it that made one want to drop one's other mail when it arrived and sit right down and partake of the melange of good things which had been prepared.

As editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND, Walter Woodward wielded a tremendous power in the nation. And his influence was always for the benefit of mankind and for better Christian living. Cruelty and injustice were wrongs in the righting of which he wanted to share. He did much to make this world a better place in which to live.

As an editor he was keen, painstaking, conscientious and courageous. As a descriptive writer he had few equals, in my opinion.

HENRY RISING.

* * * *

## HAVERFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Friends:

The loss of Walter C. Woodward is a most severe one to those of us far away, as it is certainly to you in Richmond who have been so closely associated with him. You may be sure that all of us join with you in praise of a life well-spent, and in grief that it should have had to end so soon.

THOMAS T. DRAKE.

* * * *

## PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The death of Walter C. Woodward is sad news for American Friends. It is hard to believe that his strong clear voice is stilled. For years he has given to the editorial page of THE AMERICAN FRIEND genuine distinction. More than most, he was a link between the various groups of Friends, appreciated and admired by those of widely different convictions and practices.

Not only did Walter Woodward do much to direct Quaker thinking by his editorial writing; he likewise did much in encouraging younger writers. There are several Quaker writers who are gratefully conscious that their first encouragement in writing came through the hospitable pages of THE AMERICAN FRIEND. Because of this, there is an important sense in which Walter Woodward's work will go on.

Finally, it is important to say that Walter Woodward occupied a unique place in the office of the Five Years Meeting in Richmond, Indiana. Living so near the numerical center of American Quakerdom and having an interest in all the good works in which the Yearly Meetings have been most able to unite, Walter Woodward's place was really focal. *The Friend* joins in mourning the loss of one who was, in all essentials, a colleague.

D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD
in *The Friend.*

* * * *

Oskaloosa Meeting, William Penn College and many personal Friends throughout Iowa Yearly Meeting unite in profound sorrow and in deep sympathy with all who suffer loss in the death of Walter C. Woodward. May our faith remain firm and our confidence steadfast.

EDWIN MCGREW.

* * * *

The Federal Council of Churches thanks God for the rich Christian life service of Walter Woodward, especially for his wise and courageous leadership in the cause of Christian unity and brotherhood. His passing is a distinct loss to our Executive Committee of which he was a member. May the peace of God abide with his family.

ROSWELL P. BARNES.

* * * *

At the regular meeting of the Society of Friends for Paoli, Indiana, Monthly Meeting, which includes Lick Creek, Beech Grove, Newberry and Paoli Meetings, held at the Friends Church in Paoli, Indiana, Sunday afternoon, Fourth Month nineteenth, 1942, a resolution was introduced by and given the unanimous consent of the meeting whereby the Clerk of the meeting, Neva L. Thomas, was instructed to send an epistle to the widow and children of Walter C. Woodward conveying to them the deep sympathy of the members of Paoli Monthly Meeting and an expression of appreciation of the splendid work which has been done for the Society of Friends by Walter Woodward.

* * * *

The members of Friends Memorial Church, Muncie, Indiana, wish to express their sincere sympathy. Walter Woodward will be greatly missed by Friends everywhere, and our meeting will always remember with much appreciation the inspiration and blessing he has been to Muncie Friends. "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

# The Sunday School Lesson in the Business of Living

Provided by the Board on Christian Education—Edited by Percy M. Thomas

## For May 10 — The Day of Authority

(Matthew 21:12-22)

### RECOGNIZING CHRIST'S AUTHORITY

The cleansing of the Temple is recorded in all four Gospels, although John places it at the beginning of Christ's active ministry, following the marriage in Cana. It is the one recorded incident in the life of Jesus in which he used physical force to gain a victory, and one may question here whether moral force did not contribute far more to his feat of driving out single-handed the merchants and money changers who crowded the Temple. In fact, one might argue from John's account that the physical force was directed to driving out the animals which had been brought into the Temple for sale, while his rebuke to the merchants was verbal. But since, as the only such incident, it is so often cited by the Christians of later days as a justification for their use of force to overcome their enemies, it is more important at the present time to consider it from that point of view.

In the first place we must admit frankly that this was an economic wrong which Jesus attacked. The sale of animals for the burnt offerings, begun as a service to worshippers who came from afar, had degenerated into an oppressive monopoly. Furthermore, in attacking this monopoly Christ did not stand to gain anything personally. If we accept the incident as justification for war, do we also accept it as justification for the use of force in correcting economic wrongs? Are we ready to take it as our guide in cases in which we personally are not involved but in which we should act from a disinterested sense of justice? If we feel that this example of Christ's use of force is applicable to the present war between Japan and the United States, do we also feel that it might better have been applied when China was first attacked?

The question really hangs on our idea of what is meant by force. D. Elton Trueblood in his "Studies in Quaker Pacifism" believes that the mistake is made in confusing force and violence. Violence, according to his definition, means that kind of force which desires the *harm* of another person. Force is not violence if it is used for the *good* of the other person. How many people do we know who enter into war sincerely desiring the good of their enemies?

The incident is a comfort also to those who would explain their own use of violence as arising from righteous indignation. Ruth Fry in "The Great If" writes, "Righteous indignation against others, whether individually or nationally, is a most tempting state of mind. We know the personal joy of feeling unassailably right. . . ." How far has righteous indignation caused us personally to take active steps against injustices which exist in the United States?

Matthew goes on to tell of the scenes of joy that followed in the Temple, with physical suffering relieved and the children crying Hosanna. Can we expect to see such rejoicing follow war? The fig tree was judged by its barrenness and withered at Christ's words of condemnation. Are the fruits of war so tempting that we fail to go on to his assurance, "If ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be cast into the sea, it shall be done"?

DOROTHY HEIRONIMUS.

Richmond, Indiana.

## For May 17 — The Day of Conflict

(Matthew 22:41-23:11)

### HOW DO WE REJECT CHRIST?

The incidents and subjects under discussion in this lesson sound so modern that the story could well have been written yesterday.

#### A DIFFICULT QUESTION

What think ye of Christ?

To be sure, many historical events have transpired since Jesus raised this most important question with the Pharisees and Scribes, the very same question he put to his own disciples, and it is still the most important question for our day.

Upon the answer to this question has hung the destiny of men and nations. If the Jews made the mistake of identifying Christ's beginning with the origin of their national life and made of him a God to be adapted to their own provincial, nationalistic concepts of life, is it not possible that we, too, are in serious error when we place his origin at the beginning of the Christian era?

Only those who have seen his timelessness have also seen a universal Christ. Paul, who was to be a witness to the Gentile world, that is, the world outside of the Jewish religion, wrote of the Christ who antedated Bethlehem. To the church at Corinth he wrote of the Hebrew people in their wilderness wanderings, "And did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them and that rock was Christ." (I Cor. 10:4.) According to John, Christ himself said, "Before Abraham was, I am." John, who probably gives the best interpretation of Christ, does not, like Matthew, start with him as the son of David and Abraham; neither like Luke does he identify his beginning with that of Adam; but to John, he was one with God in the beginning. He was the Alpha and the Omega, the Eternal One.

What is the relation between his timelessness and his universality?

Is a belief in the virgin birth sufficient to establish the fact of the diety of Christ?

Do pictures of Jesus tend to localize Christ in time and place?

#### THE SOURCE OF AUTHORITY

The source of final authority in religion has always been a most important question, since from this authority we get all our standards of morals and ethics.

For the Hebrew people, final authority was to be found in Yehweh or Jehovah but his mediums were many and varied. Many times it was an angel or a vision or it might be a burning bush or a fleece wet with dew. The prophets who seemed to be raised up to give a particular message were usually rejected by the entrenched privileged class who went about finding occasion to put them to death.

Moses became the authority at the time of the Exodus and his writings are the last and final word for the orthodox Jew to this day. The ten commandments written by the finger of God and given to Moses on Mt. Sinai, according to the Pentateuch, established the moral code, while the ceremonial law became the rigid rules in worship and social practice.

At the time of Jesus there had developed three sects among the Hebrews, the Sadduccees, the Pharisees and the Scribes. While there was constant strife between them they developed a solid front against Jesus because he questioned their authority. So bitter was their hatred for him that they even joined hands with the despised Romans to put him to death. One of the most telling accusations brought against Jesus and his ministry was that he sought to destroy the law of Moses. Read Matthew 5:38-44 and see if you think they were

# WESTTOWN SCHOOL

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Inquiries relative to enrollments next autumn are now being received. Personal interviews are desirable and visits to the school are welcomed.

For catalogue apply to:

JAMES F. WALKER, *Principal*, Westtown School, Westtown, Penna.


fair in their accusation. Whatever explanation we try to give to his teachings, the fact still remains that Jesus not only challenged their authority as religious leaders and teachers but said that they were the blind leading the blind.

From the day of Pentecost, final authority rested with the fathers in Jerusalem until the Gentile church wrested the control from Jerusalem and set up another hierarchy. Through this group came the so-called apostolic succession, with the Roman Catholic Church eventually setting up the infallible priesthood. Through the dark ages this authority was generally accepted, only to be wrested from the pope in the Reformation led by Martin Luther. For the Protestant group, who had repudiated the authority of the pope, the sacred writings became the source of final authority. This period is marked by a multitude of translations of the Scriptures and the freezing of the Canon. To those of us who are Friends it is interesting to note that George Fox, who knew his Bible as only few people of his day knew theirs, should go beyond the written word to discover that final authority was to be found in the Light of Christ in his own spirit. To him the scriptures were not being discredited simply because he had found in experience the Christ who is the source of all inspiration. Can we trust that same spirit for authority in our lives today?

Are Christians obliged to obey the authority within when it is contrary to the demands of the state?

Is this authority identical with the Christ of all ages?

Is there a difference between this voice of God within and conscience?

PERCY M. THOMAS.

Richmond, Indiana.

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"Let us lose ourselves now and again in some clean, absorbing interest and detachment."

## LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

**BERKLEY, CALIFORNIA**

Friends Memorial Church, Fulton Street at Channing Way. Morning worship, 11 o'clock. Evening service, 7:45. Gorman Y. Doubleday, minister. Phone Thornwall 5370.

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

Chicago Monthly Meeting, 110th Street and Longwood Drive. Bible School 10:30, Meeting 11:30. Rock Island Suburban Line to 111th Street. Halsted streetcar—"111th Sacramento," get off at Longwood Drive. Russell E. Rees, Minister, 2208 West 111th Street. Phone Cedarcrest 2715.

Evanston Meeting, Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks north of Main Street. Bible School at ten; Meeting for Worship, eleven. Lewis Benson, 911 Greenleaf St., Evanston, Illinois.

57th Street Meeting, 1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for worship, 10:45; Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. E. Howard Marshall, 7131 S. Eberhart Avenue, Chicago. Phone Radcliffe, 1135. Alice B. Flitcraft, 513 Keystone Avenue, River Forest, Ill. Phone Forest 2824.

**CINCINNATI, OHIO**

Cincinnati Friends Meeting, Eden and Donahue Sts. Take either car 55 or 78 to University Ave., then walk east three blocks. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Robert M. Jones, pastor, 1607 Flora Ave., N. College Hill.

**DENVER, COLORADO**

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone St., Worship 11 a. m., Church School 9:45 a. m., Norman E. Young, Minister, 4146 Irving St. Tel. Gr. 4741.

**DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School, 10. a. m., Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to Dr. Bruce Douglas, 18066 Warrington Drive, Detroit, Michigan.

**INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA**

First Friends Church, 13th at Alabama Street. Church School—9:30 a. m. Meeting for Worship—10:45 a. m. Errol T. Elliott, Minister. Telephone, Riley 5224.


# The American Friend

Authorized by the Five Years Meeting of Friends in America

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**MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA**

Friends Church, 1st Avenue South at 14th Street. Bible School at 10 a. m. Meeting for Worship at 11 a. m. Pastor, Wendell Hansen, 111 W. 45th Street. Telephone Pleasant 2960.

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**

United Meeting for Worship of Twentieth Street Meeting and Fifteenth Street Meeting. From October through April at Friends Meetinghouse, 221 E. 15th Street, First Day at 11:00 a. m. Visitors welcome.

**ROSEVILLE, CALIFORNIA**

Citrus Heights Friends Church, Old Auburn Blvd., one-fourth mile off Highway 99 E between Sacramento and Roseville. Morning Sunday School at 10:00, Worship at 11:00. Evening Service, 7:30. T. Eugene Coffin, Minister. Phone Roseville, 356-F-11.

**SEATTLE, WASHINGTON**

Friends Memorial Meeting, 23rd and East Spruce. Bible School, 10:00. Meeting for Worship, 11:00. Edward Wagenknecht, Minister. Phone Ev. 0649.

University Friends Meeting, 3959 15th Ave., N. E., Phone Melrose 7450. Religious discussion, 10:00 a. m. Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m.

**WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m., Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Visitors welcome.

Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11 o'clock. First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.


# ADMISSION OF FRIENDS' CHILDREN

To complete the 1942-43 enrollment, a selection will be made from applications received before Fifth Month 1st. Until then, places will be held for Friends' children; thereafter they will be given preference on the waiting list.

Children of Friends may enter any class, but applications for the junior and senior classes cannot be considered after Fifth Month 1st. Applications for scholarship assistance should be submitted to the Committee before Fifth Month 1st.

Consultation at the school or inquiries by correspondence are invited.

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GEORGE A. WALTON, *Principal*, Box 351, George School, Pa.

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